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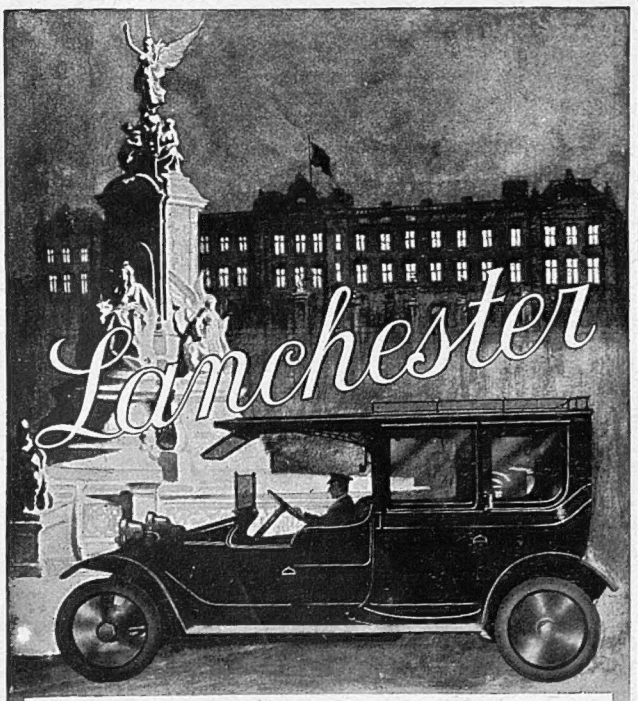

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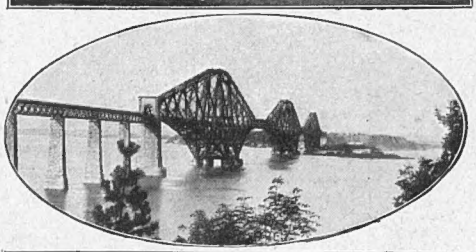

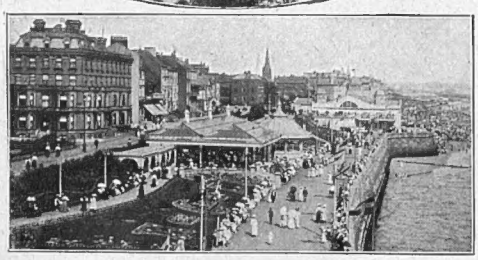

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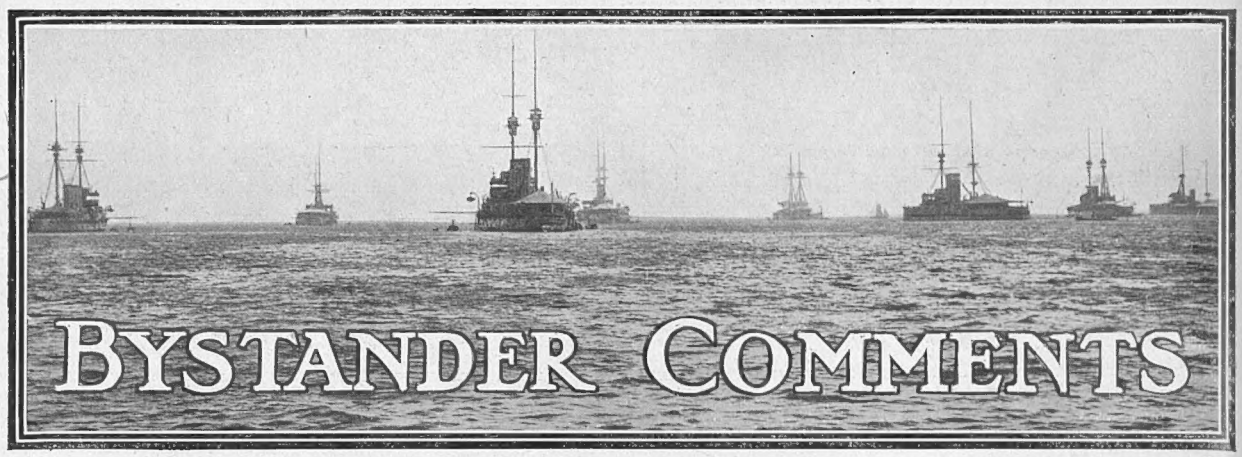
Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA: A NEW PORTRAIT

Before her recent marriage to Lord Che'sea she was known in Irish Society as Miss Marie Coxon. Lord Chelsea is the third and eldest surviving son of Lord Cadogan, and the new Lady Chelsea is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coxon, who live at Leamington



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Fleet in Kingstown Harbour: Photographed on the Occasion of Their Majesties' Visit to Ireland Last Friday

A Note Concerning Agadir

Concerning Agadir. It is well that we are keeping so cool (mentally speaking), going about our pleasures, and leaving to the diplomats the exchange of war-threats. For Agadir is essentially an incident of diplomacy. Germany, probably, would not if she could, and could not if she would, convert it into an Atlantic naval base. Were it otherwise, many years must elapse before it could be of danger to our trade routes. From the British naval point of view it might be even an advantage to us that there should be some such German plum for our picking. At present, war with Germany offers too few such prizes.

Objectionable German Methods

But, if those behind the scenes know what they are talking about, Agadir is in itself not serious. The best definition I have heard of it is that it is a bleeding operation conducted by Germany to draw off pressure from another part of the European body. Matters in the Near East reached, the week before last, danger-point, and Turkey was threatened with a combined attack which would have been bad for the Kaiser's Moslem *protégés*. To force the Powers' attention away, Germany played her old familiar game of scaring France. That means that Russia and England had to fly to the defence of the Republic, while the Triple Alliance had to rally round Germany. While this danger threatened, attention was drawn from the eternal Balkans, and Turkey given a fresh chance of escape.

The German gunboat "Panther," lying off the Moorish port of Agadir. Whether the incident will or will not have a peaceful result between France and Germany is now the grave concern of those who are interested in such a trifle as the Fate of Nations

What Might Have Been!

Assuming, however, the harmlessness of her intentions, Germany's methods are detestable. How was the German Ambassador in Paris to know that the new French Foreign Minister would receive with such *sangfroid* the news of the act of Agadir? Had he banged his fist on the table, or shaken it, or used strong language, is there the slightest doubt that war would have broken out, as it did in 1870? France kept cool—but Germany was not to know that she would. Insignificant as the Agadir incident was in itself, Germany *risked* war over it

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1911 The Henley That Was Fine 1911

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Fine Weather was Responsible for the River Being More Crowded than Ever

A PLEASING VIEW OF THE THAMES AT HENLEY REGATTA

Big crowds were attracted to the seventy-third Henley Regatta last week. There was a good deal of interesting racing, one of the most popular victories being that of Ottawa over the Belgians in the third heat for the Grand Challenge Cup. Ottawa were, however, beaten by Magdalen in the fourth heat

The Royal Tour—

It *was* somewhat hustled, that Irish visit, there is no denying it; but thus, so I understand, it was arranged, and for not altogether unguessable reasons. As is proved by the table below, the packing of it all into the space of a bare four days was a positive marvel of stage-management:

Two race meetings
Opening of New College of Science
Levée and Court
Review of three regiments
Inspection of R.I.C.
Chapter of Order of Knights of St. Patrick
State Banquet
Two dinner parties
Service at St. Patrick's
Garden-party
Many receptions of Addresses
Visits to Trinity College, Artane, etc., etc.

—And Its Trail

Some slight bitterness was left in the Royal trail—that goes without saying in Ireland, where 'twould be lonely indade but for something or other to grumble at! Four Courts instead of two would hardly have disposed of all the applications for presentation. Yet everyone excluded has taken it as a deep personal insult to self *and* Ireland! while the very natural fact that a large number of Irish Unionists have been necessarily excluded has raised quite a hullabaloo. Ireland disposed of, it is now the turn of Wales, and the "gallant" little mite is being patted hard on the back (just as if it had choked!) at this very minute. When will their Majesties get their long due rest?

The Duke of Devonshire Addressing his Guests at a Garden-Party Given at Devonshire House in Connection with the Church of England Waifs and Strays Association

A Coronation 'Varsity Match

It was like old times at Lord's last week. Such a crowd, such a hat-trick, such weather, such piles of parsons, masses of mothers, and clumps of sisters! Such frocks, and such (this was a modern feature), *such* frank displays of feminine figures garbed, or, rather, swathed, in the skimped white satin of the *robe révélatrice* of the moment! At lunch-time the field looked like Ascot, while the clearing thereof for the business of the day to recommence is one of those mysteries that remain still unravelled for the mere bystander.

The Crowd

More coaches than I have seen for many a long day mustered shiningly at the boundary; the cricket was really quite good, considering; and quite a lot of ladies really seemed to take quite an intelligent interest in the game. On the "nursery" the usual 'Varsity Clubs entertained, as usual, sumptuously, and among those who dispensed hospitality from coach or boxes were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lords Desborough, Plymouth, Crawshaw, Clarendon, Chesterfield, Normanton, and Saville, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Sir Godfrey Baring.

Eton and Harrow

It was, of course, on the whole, a smarter crowd that assembled at Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match, and very much less clerical. But it didn't *look* any nicer, and, indeed, I heard it more than once hazarded how much prettier and more pleasing to eye and ear is the girl of Kensington and Bayswater than her sister of Mayfair. But the Eton and Harrow, of course, *is* the Eton and Harrow, and the elusive fine flavour thereof may be caught, even in these days of merchant peers and mushroom aristocracies, only by the favoured few.

The Bridge

For all but the boys themselves and the lady visitors, the Eton and Harrow match is mostly a meeting-place, a little bridge thrown back across the years whereon tired, busy men renew old friendships and recapture for a moment that first fond, foolish rapture when they, too, were "swells" or "scugs," great men or small, "Collegers" or "Oppidans," and shouted "E-*ton!*" with the longest drawl of any. And then, what a leveller is the Eton and Harrow. It almost shocks one to be greeted with familiarity, even with respect, by one who lives in memory as a very great man indeed with a vast expanse of "stick-up" and the busiest of "pop-canes," while the oldest and most illustrious of old boys unite with the youngest and newest in common worship of that greatest of all great men—that Captain of the Eleven immortal, privileged to don trousers of white flannel in school as well as out.

The Ideal Peer

It is a pity there were not at the Coronation a few specimens of the kind of peer that Mrs. Elinor Glyn is now engaged in serving up serially for the readers of the *Daily Express*. Mrs. Glyn's peer was so intensely aristocratic that "the marks of breeding in the creature showed as plainly as in a Derby

The Most Worried Man in Europe

THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, WHO IS NOW WEATHERING VARIOUS STORMS IN THE DIPLOMATIC TEA-CUP

Photograph *Bassano*

LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE RT. HON. SIR EDWARD GREY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

His period of office has been pacific in effect, but marked by crisis after crisis. At no time has the international horizon been more clouded than at present, when the aggressive attitude of Germany over Morocco causes serious danger to European peace

winner!" His hair was dark, his eyes blue, but he was "flamboyantly English," and he always (his name was Tristram Lorrimer Guiscard Guiscard, but he was called Lord Tancred) "flung his weed into the grate after a few whiffs."

À La "Daily Express"

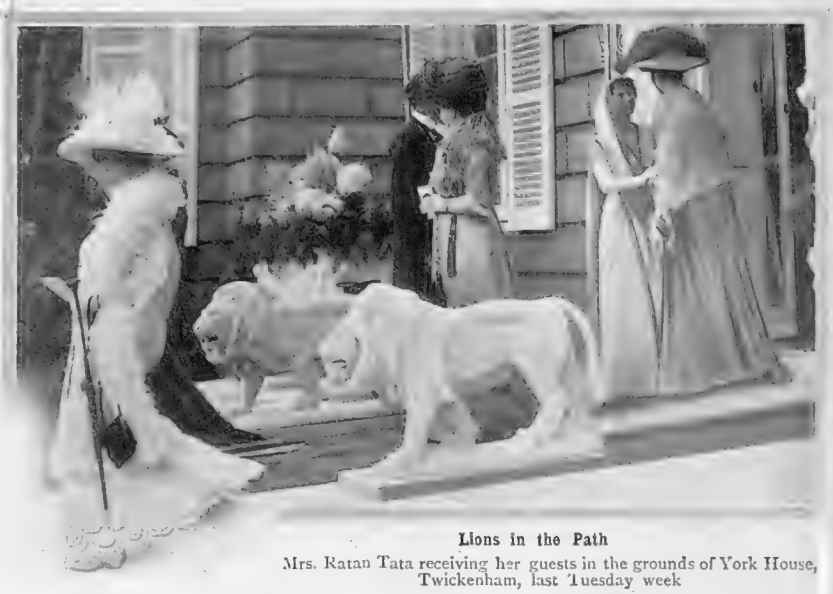
He is, indeed, "rather a fine specimen of his class." He simply loathes "these beastly Radicals"; he is "not over-addicted to expensive ladies"! and he absolutely refuses to replenish his empty coffers by going to America for a wife. "Just think of the rotters that have!" he says (rather unkind this), "and think of the children they have!" while he is properly afraid of a wife who says at breakfast, "It's my motor, and you can't have it to-day!"

The York House Garden-Party

The great Flower Show at Olympia and the 'Varsity Match at Lord's did not prevent Mrs. Ratan Tata's garden-party at York House, Twickenham, last Tuesday, from being very well attended. All those Indian princes who didn't consider it beneath their dignity to visit a member of the Parsee fraternity were present, as well as several charmingly graceful Indian ladies. The beautiful riverside grounds of the erstwhile Orleans retreat were looking their loveliest, and among the English guests were Lady Tweeddale, Lord and Lady Kinnoull, Lady Tenterden, and Lord Grey de Ruthyn.

A Relic of Barbarism?

A correspondent objects to the remark of H. S. S. in THE CORONATION BYSTANDER that, in his view, the State coach was a relic of barbarism. I am not disposed to take the responsibility for what our Sports Editor writes when he cancels a sporting engagement and goes, under strong protest, to see a State Procession. His view of the State coach is his own, though possibly also that of many others. Our specific intention, in THE CORONATION BYSTANDER, was to give the public the average view of the average bystander, in the belief that the elaborately concocted alleged views of professional pen-drivers had been given *ad nauseam* in the more sycophantic section of the daily and weekly Press.



Lions in the Path

Mrs. Ratan Tata receiving her guests in the grounds of York House, Twickenham, last Tuesday week

Mrs. Ratan Tata's Garden-Party in Honour of the Indian Princes Last Week

The gardens at York House, Twickenham, were at their best on Tuesday of last week, when quite a notable assemblage foregathered on the occasion of Mrs. Ratan Tata's garden-party. Every sort of entertainment was provided for the guests, and the band of the 7th Hussars provided the music

Society at Lord's

(WITH THE 'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH THROWN IN)

The Oxford Eleven—One Short

Back Row: J. L. S. Vidler, R. L. L. Braddell, H. S. Altham. *Sitting:* R. O. Lagden, R. H. Twining, A. J. Evans, A. G. Pawson, P. R. Le Couteur. *Front:* H. Brougham, I. P. F. Campbell

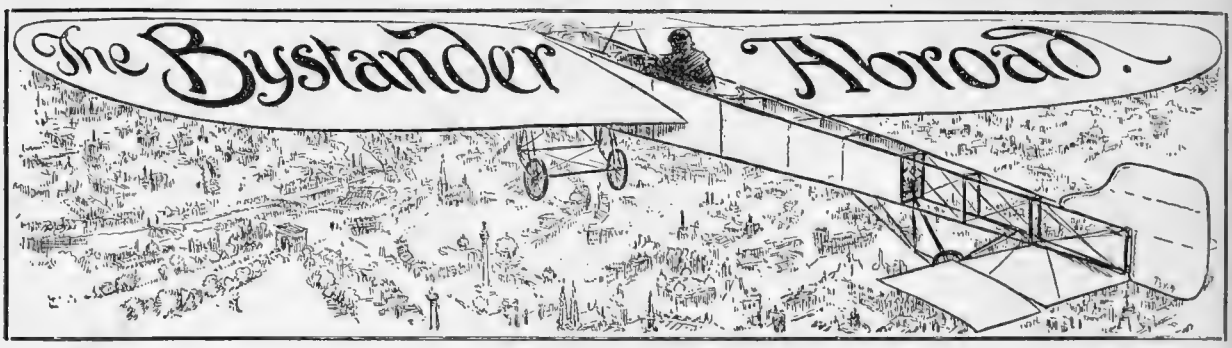
Lord's During the Luncheon Interval

Those who go to Lord's (as many do) to see, and be seen by, each other, hail the arrival of an "interval" with relief, for then the tiresome cricketers vacate the field of play and leave it free to be used as a promenade

The Cambridge Eleven

Back Row: H. E. W. Prest, H. Grierson, Hon. H. G. Mulholland. *Sitting:* D. C. Collins, M. Falcon, J. F. Ireland, E. L. Kidd, F. T Mann. *Front:* S. H. Saville, M. E. C. Baggallay

The match ended last Wednesday in a win for Oxford by 74 runs, Cambridge failing in the second innings against Mr. Le Couteur's fine bowling



Paris Calm

Nobody here in Paris seems in the least excited about the Moroccan affair. This is due to two reasons—the one is that nobody believes Germany wants to create an incident which could only result in another diplomatic defeat, and the other that France feels more confidence in herself than she has done for a long time. Her army is in a state of readiness, which is well known to the Germans. Her artillery is, perhaps, the best in the world at the present moment, and in spite of Germany having twice the population of France, a war with so powerful an enemy, whatever the result, would spell ruin to German trade and industry for years to come. The mere slaughter of young men, all of whom form part of the business machinery of the Empire, would be a handicap for a generation.

Will England Agree?

Suppose, however, things did turn out badly—*i.e.*, suppose that Germany means to stay at Agadir, and when a new Conference is called to deal with the Morocco question, which it is almost certain to be, and Germany is still at Agadir, France still at Fez, and Spain still at some other place, where shall we be? Germany will say that France had no right to go to the rescue of Frenchmen who were exposed to no danger, Spain had no right merely to invade Morocco because France had done so, and she was no more in fault than they. She will then say, "When you go out, I'll go out." But as France and Spain both want to remain, she will say she wants to remain too. It is well known in diplomatic circles that the German representative suggested a solution of the difficulty which would have given France and Spain protectorates over certain portions of Morocco and herself the command of Mogador—*i.e.*, the coaling-station she has been coveting for half a generation; in fact, since the Kaiser adopted the device, "Germany's future is on the water." The proposal met with no response, and we shall see later on whether this occupation of Agadir is not a revival of the old idea. If so, will England agree to it? There are Englishmen, and the late Sir C. Dilke was one of them, who have none of the dread of our Foreign Office lest Germany should get a coaling-station on the Morocco coast. Spanish statesmen have long considered that Spain has a sort of reversionary interest in Morocco, and they never relax their watch over affairs across the Strait, waiting patiently, but with all the anxiety of an heir-at-law, for the collapse of the Sherifian dynasty.

The Man who Manages the Moroccan Mischief

Germany's Bismarck of the moment, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

The Storm-Centre

There is no love lost between Spaniards and French on this subject, and though they may combine to keep out the dreaded German, there will be a good deal of angry language used before their rivalry will be appeased. But where are we in all this? Are we to intervene between France and Spain and give counsel to them? If they will not accept it, are we to take sides? Morocco is the storm-centre of Europe, and this last move of Germany I cannot help regarding as a sign of Germany's determination to get her coaling-station. That the Kaiser and the Chancellor and the Minister of Foreign Affairs are absent from Berlin is a matter of no importance in this question. They may have chosen just the moment of their absence to make the move. They may have intended to disavow any such intention, and throw the blame on the "week-end official" in charge, a well-known device of Foreign Offices.

Sir E. Grey's Adviser

Sir Edward Grey is going to have a little trouble, and now he will have to manage the difficulty single-handed. Our late King was as well-skilled in foreign as our present King is in Colonial affairs, but King George has quite enough in hand with the Colonies not to attempt to influence the direction of British foreign policy. In Sir A. Nicholson he has, in the present situation, a most useful assistant. Sir Arthur represented Great Britain at the Algeciras Conference, and has every detail of the Morocco business at his finger-ends. I often wonder if his appointment to the Foreign Office was not dictated by the expectation that the Morocco difficulty was going to be the chief question of foreign politics for some time to come.

Where They "Arranged" Agadir?

THE KAISER'S CONFERENCE WITH HIS CHANCELLOR ABOARD THE "METEOR," WITH WHICH HE WON THE FIRST PRIZE AT KIEL

According to those who profess to know, the Agadir affair, which has had such important diplomatic consequences, was arranged between the Emperor and his Chancellor during Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's visit to the Imperial yacht at Kiel, in which regatta the yacht took the first prize

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT is difficult not to admire the Germans. Just when everybody thought that a dull time was beginning, they arrived at Agadir, and enabled all our leader-writers to do articles headed "A Bolt from the Blue."

* * *

The thing may become a nuisance, but in the meanwhile let us be grateful. Most of us were getting tired of saying we had or had not seen the Procession, and even the stamp business was beginning to pall. Not that Mr. Samuel need hope to escape.

* * *

A man who serves out stamps with white gum when we have long been used to yellow gum deserves all the abuse he gets and will continue to get. Yes, "White-gum Samuel," as he will, no doubt, be called by an enraged posterity, deserves to be punished.

* * *

But in the meantime a good many amateur philatelists have forgotten him by reason of their new interest. What would happen if the Germans really gained a footing in Morocco? Would the Moors take to lager? Would the Kaiser have a new uniform (with a fez and wide breeches) as Colonel of the Agadir Fuzzies? Would he start an "Imperial date factory"?

* * *

"Our imperilled fellow-citizens" were the cause of the Agadir adventure, and it is worth while noting that this is quite a new branch of the Civil Service in an up-to-date modern State. The Americans had some of these pathetic characters in Cuba; the French at Fez; we all had some at Peking a little time back. Now the Germans have them at Agadir.

* * *

Qualifications for the post of "imperilled fellow-citizen" would be various, but would, no doubt, include (1) ability to inflame the natives in the neighbourhood, (2) foresight in laying in enough champagne to tide one over a possible siege.

* * *

Sanguine politicians have been presaging another General Election during the past week, but the absurdity of such an idea is too obvious. Grouse shooting begins in August, and then the poor old Channel swimmers will expect a turn.

* * *

How the latter have been knocked out by the airmen, who, by the way, do not seem to have gone in much for patent foods as yet, as the Channel swimmers used to do. Why is this? Why are there no aerial vegetarians? Is it that aviators are such desperate men that nut-butter does not appeal to them?

* * *

People who visit Dover probably never consider what a dreadful post the Mayor of Dover has to fill. Dreadful, I mean, by reason of the early rising involved by it. He generally seems to be up at 4 a.m. to see someone or something arriving. Formerly it was probably a London, Chatham and Dover train; then it was a Channel swimmer; now it is a flying-man. And very often the arrival doesn't come off.

* * *

I suppose that in that case the Mayor of Dover goes to bed again. What a life! To get up at 4 a.m. with a speech ready congratulating someone on their success in arriving at Dover. At 5 a.m. to retire again, chilled to the bone, with the speech undelivered, because the wind or the tide wasn't in the right quarter.

Novel Form of the Jupe Culotte

Observed at Surbiton the other evening. The wearer, who was evidently anxious not to attract attention, was seen to emerge from one of the large houses in that vicinity, and didn't seem at all comfortable in the novel attire. It will, however, probably be "taken up" with much enthusiasm. The author of this creation, which so simply combines utility with ingenuity, is depicted in the inset

(By Harry Rountree)

"HAM": BY H. M. BATEMAN

Two of the leading London firms of art dealers have announced their amalgamation. It will be interesting to see if this results in the nation being asked "to rescue at the eleventh hour" a new lot of Old Masters.

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie has stated that there is one person at Court in whom he has implicit faith—namely, the Queen. It always seems a pity when a genuinely meant compliment like this cannot be reciprocated.

* * *

Old criminals shake their heads over the many ineffectual attempts to set fire to liners which occurred during the Hull riot week. They maintain that in the matter of arson Englishmen must now undoubtedly take a second seat.

* * *

A boy scout last week rode 200 miles on a bicycle in twenty-four hours in order to deliver a letter from the *Bolton Chronicle* to the *Daily Mail*. It was a plucky thing to do, but hardly worth while, for probably the *Mail* could have obtained enough copy—if it was only about Health Bread—to fill its columns anyway.

* * *

"Small pyramidal nosegays"—says a contemporary—"that are light in weight and easily carried, are now made by the florists, and there is symbolism in many of them." Still, that must be better than caterpillars.

The Start on the Return Journey from Hendon to Paris on Wednesday, the 5th inst.

FLIGHT: ITS PRESENT, AND—FUTURE?

FLYING-MEN were, last week, and rightly, the most self-satisfied men in London. They were, indeed, Daniels come to judgment. "What d'you think of us now?" was the song sung from the clouds over London and the southern counties in the small hours of Monday and Wednesday mornings. We had been invaded and retreated from, without mishap, by a round dozen aeroplanes from over the Channel. Are we an island any longer? Is anywhere an island?

Had anybody, five years ago, told the average Surrey, or Kent, or Sussex householder that he would live to be awakened at sunrise by the whirring of aerial motors, that he would rush, in his dressing-gown, out into his back garden and show to his infants men driving carriages through the clouds, he would have scoffed at you as a poor raving lunatic. Now flight is taken for granted. It is becoming a bit of a bore. But to become that is, in England, the price of premature success.

The Second Starter, M. Garros, Leaving Hendon

But as to the future. What is the part to be played by aeroplanes in national life? If one doubts that they will become a recognised mode of transit, one is promptly told that one's grandfather said the same about railway trains. One is stigmatised as a fossil, also a fogey. Vainly one proceeds to point out that the air is not a natural element of human locomotion. "Neither was the water," is the scathing reply, "until man learned how to float in it." "That's so," you say, reluctantly. "But still, nevertheless——." And there you stick suddenly until your engine bursts and you come clattering to earth. You nevertheless reserve the right to think that the aeroplane is a nice toy for nice, plucky young men, that it is one clean, quick, but rather risky way of getting across land and sea; that it will be useful in time of war. But you're hanged, drawn, and quartered if you'll believe that you'll ever board one in the Strand in place of a taxi, at Victoria in place of a train, or at Dover in place of a turbine.

FRONT ROW (*left to right*): M. Train, M. Beaumont, Mr. Dalziel, M.P. (Chairman of the *Standard*), M. Barra, Mr. J. Valentine, M. Tabuteau, and Mr. Weymann. BACK ROW: Hooft Opaafland (Holland), Georges Prade (France), Mr. R. W. Wallace (Chairman, Royal Aero Club), Van den Berch van Heemstede (Holland), Comte de Castillon de St. Victor (France), M. Grunhold, and Mr. G. Holt Thomas (England)

LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "STANDARD" TO CROSS-EUROPE AVIATORS AT THE SAVOY ON TUESDAY, BETWEEN THEIR ARRIVAL AT AND DEPARTURE FROM HENDON

The Spectacular Side of Flight

TWO PICTURESQUE GLIMPSES OF EUROPEAN CIRCUIT COMPETITORS

SPECTATORS CHEERING THE ARRIVAL OF A MONOPLANE COMPETITOR AT DOVER

Photographs] VEDRINES CROSSING THE CHANNEL AT SUNRISE [*Underwood*

The race, whi h was organised by the *Standard*, in conjunction with the Paris *Journal* and the Brussels *Petit Bleu*, was brilliantly successful so far as the English section of the circuit was concerned. Of eleven competitors who left Calais, ten descended at Hend·n, while all succeeded in crossing the Channel

The King Reviews Boy Scouts

YOUTHFUL CHEERS AND A SMILING ROYAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

SCOUTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE EMPIRE CHEER THE ROYAL PARTY

THE KING, WITH GENERAL BADEN-POWELL RIDING ON HIS RIGHT, ON THE REVIEW GROUND

Tuesday of last week was a great day for the Boy Scouts. Nearly forty thousand boys, including detachments from various Oversea Dominions were reviewed by their King in Windsor Great Park. In a letter to Chief Scout General Sir R. Baden-Powell, his Majesty expressed himself very pleased with the boys, and surprised at their healthy appearance, as well as at their smartness and keenness. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Mary, Prince George, and Field-Marshals Lord Roberts and Lord Grenfell were also present at the review

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"ABOVE SUSPICION" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

MR. HERBERT TRENCH'S latest production is a play by Victorien Sardou, which is another way of saying that it is a sound piece of dramatic work. There are no new-fangled ideas in it which might be calculated to scare away the ordinary theatregoer, who is the most conservative person on earth; and on the other hand, it is not Sardou's fault that at least two of his situations have been invented by other authors since this play was first written. The story itself is extremely interesting, with a slight tendency towards the melodramatic which would ensure its wide popularity; and it has the merit of increasing the interest with every act. The story opens in the style of Du Maurier. A murder has been committed. The murdered man was a moneylender or something of that sort, who carried in his pocket-book bills due from a young man who was known to be very short of cash. Near the dead body was found the pocket-book, from which the bills in question had been extracted. It follows, therefore, to everybody who is not a reader of detective literature, that the penurious young man was the murderer. We others, however, smiled a superior sort of smile when we heard that an arrest had been made on the evidence in question, and we guessed at once that the police had been up to their usual game of fastening the guilt on the wrong man.

In "Pomander Walk" at the Playhouse. Sketched by Norman Morrow

The first act introduces us to a fashionable *salon*, where the trial is being discussed as the dramatic event of the season. Gentle ladies are hoping that the verdict will be one of "guilty," as it will be so much more interesting. Everybody admits that things look very black for the prisoner, as things always must in a play of this sort for the sake of a nicer dramatic effect. Then Gérard de Mayran (Mr. Charles Maude) arrives on the scene. He was with his regiment in Algiers when the news came that his friend had been arrested, and he hurried to Paris to intervene. His position is, however, a very delicate one. It appears that on the night of the murder he was the guest of the wife of the President of the Court, and he witnessed the whole affair from the balcony of the lady's window, from which spot he was preparing to leave the house. It is usual, I know, for guests to leave by the front door, and not by any of the upstairs windows; but it happens in this particular instance that the lady's husband was away from home, and you don't want the servants to know everything. Although, of course, Gérard was in the house for a perfectly innocent purpose. Both he and the lady were emphatic in asserting this, and it would be absurd to doubt the statements of the only two people who were in a position to know the facts of the case.

Still, as the poet has so truly remarked, there it is. If Gérard comes forward to prove the innocence of his friend, he will have to show how he came to be in such a position that he could have witnessed the murder without being himself seen. Then the lady's husband will want to ask a lot of questions—some husbands are so dreadfully curious—and another happy home will be broken up. The problem is, therefore: How can Gérard interfere to save a miscarriage of justice without compromising his lady friend? This problem was recently presented in another play, called, if I remember rightly, *The House Opposite*. Gérard solves the difficulty in an entirely original way, by representing himself to be the actual murderer, though every playgoer can guess that there is very little prospect of a miscarriage of justice of this kind being allowed to prevail. As it is,

the President of the Court, who seems to combine in his great office the functions of Inspector of Police and *juge d'instruction*, discovers Gérard's quixotic sacrifice in two minutes; and the real criminal is brought into the examining room, and submitted to searching questions of the kind with which playgoers are familiar in that fine drama, *The Arm of the Law*. In this play, however, the examination is not at all brutal. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, who conducts it, has a nice sense of dignity, and he fixes the guilt on the right man by means of what appears to be no more than a friendly argument. The scene is, however, very effective, and is all the more convincing because of the subdued emphasis with which it is conducted. Gérard's presence in the lady's room at a late hour at night is satisfactorily explained; and as the murderer, with what is, I believe, known as intelligent anticipation, hangs himself in his cell, everything ends happily for the chief parties concerned. I suggest that in the title of the play Mr. Trench has used the wrong preposition. It seems to me that he should have called it "*Under*" *Suspicion*, since this is the state in which at least four of the characters find themselves. The lady, who for the moment may be considered as Cæsar's wife, is so far from being above suspicion that her husband compels her to submit to a very pointed examination by the Deputy-Public Prosecutor, and if she is not under suspicion then, she must be extremely near that unhappy state. Leading, as I do, an exemplary life myself—but now I come to think of it, that is hardly a matter of interest to the general reader. What is more to the purpose is that *Above Suspicion* is a very interesting play, and one that ought to appeal to the ordinary playgoer.

In "Pomander Walk" at the Playhouse. Sketched by Norman Morrow

"POMANDER WALK" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

This is quite a charming and idyllic piece of work by Mr. Louis N. Parker, who is always successful when handling plays that have delicate sentiment and old-world romance for their prevailing notes. The story is one of character rather than plot; and the characters are so well drawn and so admirably represented that you find yourself taking an interest in the lives of these quaint, old-fashioned people as soon as the curtain rises. "Pomander Walk" is a row of tiny houses "down Chiswick way" in the year of grace 1805, and the one aim of the inhabitants is to keep it "select." That is why the impudent intruder who persists in fishing from the river bank opposite the Walk, and who cannot be legally removed, is known to the scandalised residents as the Eyesore. Amid surroundings that are so intensely respectable his presence strikes a sadly discordant note, which we, who are not residents of the Walk, find extremely diverting. The play furnishes Mr. Cyril Maude with one of the best parts he has ever undertaken—that of a retired admiral of the "peppery" order, who, in spite of his rough ways, is one of the gentlest and most genial of men. There are two or three love stories running through the piece, but they are not obtruded in any way. As a famous artist once put it, they "occur"; and this fact is a very nice testimony to the delicate art with which the piece is presented. In a general and ordinary way the hero falls in love with the heroine in open defiance of the fact that his noble father has designed that he shall marry for broad acres rather than for true love; but the parental opposition is not over-insisted on, and there is scarcely a ripple of discord on the pleasant and restful atmosphere of "Pomander Walk" and its delightful people, who include a sentimental spinster, a designing widow, and an amusing gentleman who boasts of social distinctions which he does not really enjoy. The story is told with a light and dainty touch from first to last. You feel as if you were looking at an old-fashioned picture-book, the drawings of which tell their own story with the aid of a footnote here and there; while the scene of the "Walk" itself, which does for the three acts, is extremely tasteful and appropriate. *Pomander Walk* is an ideal play for the summer-time. JINGLE

In "Pomander Walk" at the Playhouse. Sketched by Norman Morrow

SAVOY THEATRE

Dombey and Son continues to attract playgoers to the Savoy. The management were fortunate in securing Miss Evelyn Millard to play Edith Dombey, in which rôle she is a brilliant success. Miss Millard is ably supported by, among others, Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. O. B. Clarence, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm, Miss Marjorie Chard, and Miss Dulcie Greatwich. In due course, Mr. Robert Arthur will produce adaptations of *David Copperfield*, *Pickwick*, *Bleak House*, *Great Expectations*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

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A Most Exclusive French Circus

IN WHICH ARISTOCRATIC AMATEURS TAKE THE LEADING PARTS

Mlle. Yola de Nys
A famous horsewoman in the Cirque Molier

M. Molier
Ring Master of the Cirque Molier

Mlle. Blanche Allarty
Mistress of the *haute école*

AN amateur circus with all the skill and the spectacular effect of the real thing. That is the function to which the Parisian world of Society is treated every year by M. Ernest Molier, who has made this entertainment his hobby for more than a quarter of a century. Admission can be obtained only by invitation, and as the space in the circus is extremely limited, the demand for tickets far exceeds the supply. Only one performance takes place every year, but there is a full-dress rehearsal, which counts as a performance so far as the programme and the distinction of the guests goes. Dukes, duchesses, and the bearers of other titles, celebrated editors and world-renowned scientists, famous actors and actresses, and the *élite* of Society are packed tightly in the space around the ring or in the low gallery which surrounds it, in order to "assist" at the performance. M. Molier, who always acts as ring master in addition to taking other parts in the programme, comes of a family which has been distinguished in the Army and at the Bar, and is probably one of the greatest horsemen living. The star of his company is Mlle. Blanche Allarty, who is not only mistress of the classic *haute école*, but can also ride three horses bare-backed. Mlle. Yola de Nys is another famous horsewoman, while conspicuous among the rest of their comrades are several titled men and women who spend arduous days in making themselves as skilled performers as those to whom the life of the circus is a professional calling and a source of income.

So great is the competition to get into the circus, that entry to the gallery is confined to a ladder. The cartoon shows a gallant helping a stout lady to make the ascent in comfort

Pavane of Roses (Period Charles IV.): The Last Tableau in the Historical Equestrian Pantomime at the Cirque Molier, Paris

Behind the Scenes at a Paris Revue: D

"TAKE YOUR PLACES, LADIES": A

At one of the Paris music-halls there is a tableau in a Revue devoted to the Suffragettes. Our picture shows the figurantes hastening to their places at the call of the stage-manager just before the rise of the curtain. In the eyes of the Parisian

wn for "The Bystander" by René Lelong

OMENT BEFORE THE TABLEAU

heatrical manager the Suffragettes are of an infinitely more charming type than that depicted in our comic papers. The life nd spirit of M. René Lelong's drawing will readily be recognised

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

HERR HOUSEPORTER LOTZ

GERMANS are distinctly superior to Britons in intellectual plasticity. This is the Berlin Bystander's conclusion after dealings with Herr Houseporter Lotz, who is supposed to answer the door and work the lift at a house three streets away. His versatility is wonderful. He can paint, make shelves, hang curtains, polish parquets, mend electric bells. He has an interest in a milk-shop; and now it appears that he is a skilled matrimonial agent. He is a Jack-of-all-trades, and the incarnation of German efficiency, order, and honesty.

More wonderful than this, Herr Houseporter Lotz resolutely refuses to be paid. He spends hours in your flat, while at his door people vainly ring the bell and clamour to be taken up in the lift. But he counts his time as valueless. Whether you give him one mark or ten he swears it is too much, and insists on returning half. All you can do to show your gratitude is to recommend him to your English acquaintances.

Ten Thousand Athletes Take Part in the Centenary Celebrations of the Berlin Gymnastic Club

On the occasion of the recent Centenary Celebrations of the Berlin Gymnastic Club, ten thousand men, garbed in the costume of a hundred years ago, marched in procession to the Tempelhoser Field. Here they divested themselves of the outer garments covering their "gym" kit, and gave a gymnastic display before the Kaiser

We recently discovered that Herr Lotz is enabled to be thus modest in his charges owing to his lucrative connection as marriage agent. His clients are the maidservants in the flat-houses around. In the case of "ordinary" servants he charges 5*s.* a husband; but where the servants have saved £50 or over he charges only 2*s.*, the work then being immeasurably lighter. If the bridegroom has over £100, he charges the bride £1. The prices are not high; but Germans are the best judges of the values received. These enterprises, highly satisfactory to the parties, put householders, however, to considerable cost; and during the last few months we and our friends have altogether ceased to employ Herr Lotz.

The fact is that all our servants left to get married. At first we puzzled over this in vain. But external rumours and internal evidence cleared up the mystery. We discovered that Herr Lotz, who while melting glue had the run of the kitchen, began by chucking the servants under the chin, and ended by offering to get them husbands at from 2*s.* upwards. This proved costly to us, for, though Herr Lotz charged us only 3*d.* for hanging a curtain, the getting of new servants cost us pounds. Reproaches began to pour in from our best friends, who wrote indignantly: "Why did you recommend us Herr Houseporter Lotz? He has found a husband for our cook Martha, the only woman in Germany who can grill chops." Shortly afterwards the climax came. Our own tow-haired housemaid Hedwig, whose head admirably matched our Biedermeier furniture, gave notice to leave.

Three days later a smartly printed card, inscribed "Houseporter Lotz," was brought to us by Hedwig. We received Herr Lotz somewhat coldly but with the respect imposed by talent.

"I believe, Herr," he began, "that your servant Hedwig is engaged?"

"Well?"

"If you want to keep her, you could fix it up with me, Herr."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I've influence . . . . I know. . . . In fact . . . I could . . . I think I could break off the match. . . ."

And stammering, but without a blush, he explained that Hedwig had paid him 5*s.* to find her a husband; but that if the Berlin Bystander offered him 10*s.* he could bring the match to nought.

To-day we have learned that Herr Houseporter Lotz is sleeping-partner in a servants' registry office. He first gets paid for finding servants husbands; and he next gets paid for finding new servants to replace them. And yet there is a ridiculous proverb that a Jack-of-all-trades is master of none.

Reels—On Wheels

A NEW DISTRACTION FOR BERLINERS

Nick's Roller-Skating Girls, now one of the attractions at the Winter Gardens, Berlin

Sunshine and Shade in the Hayfield

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY PERCY J. SLATER

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE CHIMES of ENKHUIZEN

A LEGEND DREAMED ROUND A CLOCK TOWER

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

I COULD find no one to tell me why the chimes of Enkhuizen recalled the dead past as they tinkled like the notes of a spinet over the waters of the Zuyder Zee. But thinking overmuch upon the matter I dreamed this legend under the shadow of the Dromelarius itself, that strange round tower which stands so needless a sentinel over the deserted harbour.

Years ago—if you wish a date, sixteen-eighty something will do, because there are so many funny, squat, turreted little houses in the town with sixteen-eighty something carved over the portals—there dwelt in Enkhuizen a maiden called Christina Van Renssalaer, who was so beautiful that her papa, who also dwelt there, was not on speaking terms with any of the young men of the town.

Papa Van Renssalaer was known as one of the widest men in Enkhuizen. The brim of his hat was wide, the skirts of his coat stuck out widely, and as he tramped down to the Quay to make dispositions for the wide despatch of his blunt-nosed galleons with their cargo of bulbs, his prospective sons-in-law meekly brushed the walls of the houses as they gave him good-day in the narrow streets.

But the agitation of other young men took the opposite form. They brushed Papa Van Renssalaer instead of the houses and bade him good-day in a manner which brought even a darker hue to his nose and countenance.

That countenance, by the way, was the delight of painters. They dreamed of it as often as they dreamed of fair women, for they knew that once they could transfer to canvas that shrewd expression, heavy-lined jowl, and obstinate set of the mouth, the picture would be handed down as an embodiment of a Dutchman of the period, and their names would live for ever. Perhaps, too, being an improvident race, these painters dreamed of the gulden which the old man would pay for his immortality.

Yes, a fine, paintable man was old Van Renssalaer. He looked like the hero of a hundred encounters, and so he was if you counted the Schiedam bottle and all the young men of Enkhuizen as his foes.

And Christina? Not for worlds would I attempt to throw her picture upon the screen of your mind, fearing that the projection should fail and there should appear to you the fixed distressed face of the ladies on the boxes of the bon-bons—you have noticed that these rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed beauties seem ever on the verge of tears—whereas Christina had as many expressions as a day in Spring. But the mood of the Spring day most comparable to her sweet nature was the ever-grateful glow which the departing beams of the sun shed over her own wide land of peace, over the free stretches of pasture criss-crossed with tiny blue brooks and bounded by rows of delicate trees traced in olive-green upon the flushed sky-line. But if I cannot tell you more than that Christina had red-gold hair and brown-gold eyes, and that the final touch of beauty had been imported to the moulding of her face by tilting slightly the upper lip and touching two tiny dimples into her cheeks, I think I can tell you how my dream-girl was dressed on occasions.

Well, she wore a blue silk frock, rather high in the waist, rather full in the skirt, and rather short in the sleeves. Over this she wore a mantle of most precious lace, into which a little Dutch worker had woven dreams of love as she sat by her door during the long summer evenings. Clasped upon Christina's head was the national head-dress, a narrow circlet of gold from which two dainty spirals hung over her temples. Set in the centre of this circlet was a cluster of precious stones, and the whole was surmounted by a mantilla of white lace. Other ornaments she wore round her neck and pinned into her corsage, ornaments so cunningly wrought that the eye lingered rather upon the delicate tracery of the setting than upon the jewels they enshrined.

Christina was very accomplished. She could spin silks and weave tapestry and make lace so shot with silver thread as to glisten like the dew upon a spider's web. She could sing love sonnets to her harpsichord so tenderly that clouds of despair at the thought of their unworthiness would sweep over the souls of the young men who listened, and they would bitterly repent the blackness of their lives—until the song was over. Christina was adept, too, in the domestic accomplishments. She could set a house in such order that the spotlessness and sweetness thereof would make it a fit habitation for angels. Moreover, she was the presiding genius of the kitchen. One young man, owing to the mistake of a new serving maid, was actually shown into the kitchen when Christina was

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baking pies. And the mistake of this thoughtless girl had like to be almost fatal; for when the young man saw the pearl and ivory tints of Christina's arms set off by the dead-white of the flour into which they were plunged, and noted that the kitchen fire had painted a faint wash of carmine upon her cheeks—when the unhappy young man not only saw these things, but was actually suffered to remain and feast upon them, he fell into a distemper from which he never wholly recovered.

Yes, Christina was weaver, composer, musician, linguist, hostess, and good little housewife all in one.

She could learn all things save only one, and that was the heights and the depths of her own delectability. It was strange, too, that she never learned this lesson, for she had so many teachers.

Everyone she met, man, woman, or child, chanted unconsciously the "Song of Christina"—everyone, save, of course, the girls of her own age.

And Enkhuizen, in its moments of self-glorification, actually went to the lengths of pitying Hoorn and Edam and Volendam because they held no Christina.

One day a cloud appeared upon the horizon of Christina's life. Clouds which appear in this unlooked-for manner are averred by most writers to be no bigger than a man's hand. But this cloud was bigger than a man's hand. It was as big as a man. It *was* a man—a handsome, scornful young merchant, named Dirk de Keyzer, who was on extraordinary good terms with Papa Van Renssalaer. The surprising situation arose that de Keyzer actually had a hold over the old man—a good hold too, for it was by the nose. The young men on the Quay who thought about Christina when they ought to have been moving ships about the chart—these melancholy young men were all in the secret. They knew why de Keyzer sometimes laughed with Van Renssalaer and sometimes hectored over him, and their common grief bringing them together they held solemn conclave. Some were in favour of kidnapping Dirk de Keyzer and sending him out beyond the Zuyder Zee in an old ship skippered by a man with a bad record and a good assortment of tools for driving holes in wood. But other counsellors advocated more pacific means. They were for collecting large sums of money somehow, anyhow, in order to get the old man out of de Keyzer's clutches. Each party said that the plan of the other party was ridiculous, and a third party arising which said that both plans of the first two parties were ridiculous, the meeting broke up in disorder—and nothing was done.

Presently a tiny droop appeared in the corners of Christina's mouth. Always after de Keyzer had been to the house she went and sat down to think in her own room.

It was not a pretty, fussy little room full of knick-knacks such as modern Christinas affect, but quite an imposing chamber, with lofty, white-painted walls hung with patterned blue Utrecht velvet. True, there was a touch of femininity about the dressing-table, which was decked in white silk, puffed and be-ribboned. But this note of frivolity was lost in the general harmony of simplicity with elegance. There was plenty of space in which to range in Christina's room. Only one or two occasional tables with circular inlaid tops, light oak fire stools, and sloping-backed armchairs were dotted about the plain of pale yellow matting. The massive armoire in which Christina's finery was closeted was a beautiful affair of marquetrie with two doors, through which she herself could have stepped without stooping. The lower part consisted of drawers, with bulging lines like the prow of the nation's ships, and opened, not easily I fancy, with brass swivel handles. Two pictures in circular gold frames hung upon the walls. One was a portrait of Christina's mother, at such an age, in such a dress, and with such an expression of haunting beauty as to make it pass for a picture of Christina herself. The other gold frame only set off a picture when Christina looked into it. It was a mirror hung above the marble mantel, which crowned the blue-tiled hearth.

The bed in which Christina tossed so restlessly these nights with the moans of waking dreams was completely canopied with the same rich deep-blue velvet, which the weavers of Utrecht sent abroad over the land as a lasting memorial of their skill and artistry.

Whenever Christina went to her room her first action was always to open a chased silver casket and take from it a miniature. This action, observed, would have betrayed the secret of her unhappiness. For the jewel casket is an heirloom always handed down by Dutch mothers to their daughters on the occasion of their betrothal. It forms an indispensable adjunct of the bride's possessions.

And Christina's casket contained the portrait of another Dirk de Keyzer.

Now that you know Christina's story, a tragedy always being enacted again with new players, you may see Christina's beloved through the mists of her tears. The portrait, painted by a friend of the subject, shows a young man of thoughtful countenance and half-deprecating, half-appealing smile. No cool-witted merchant Prince this, ready to buffet with Fate and take long odds against Fortune, but one who looks so deep into things as to see the ugly framework of bones beneath the fair skin and shrugs his shoulders in pity at the sight; a musician to whom melodies bring sad messages; a thinker to whom too much is revealed; a philosopher who has circled past truth till he has arrived back at Falsehood.

Poor Christina! She was bursting to cry out the one secret which she must never tell—at least in words. And now she had arrived at the parting of the ways.

That evening, an hour after dusk, Christina, her face clouded with a black lace shawl, slipped out of her father's house. She left the town by a road bordered with trimmed trees stretching away to a vanishing point. She walked a league, and still the vista remained unchanged. Then she crossed a tiny drawbridge leading to a windmill. From its shadow as she approached a man stepped forward. It was the man of the miniature. He kissed her hand in greeting.

"Christina."

"Cornelis."

She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast.

"Oh, Christina," he said, "I have something to tell thee."

She caught her breath slightly.

"Yes," she whispered, and stood like a statue, with parted lips, waiting for the breath of life.

He spoke eagerly, joyously.

"The new chiming clock for the Dromedarius Tower. The Burgomaster sent for me to-day. I am to build it."

Her breath came again in a little strangled sob.

"Oh, Cornelis!" was all she could say at first.

And after a little while again, "Oh, Cornelis!"

(*Continued on page 86*)

Astride a Trained Ostrich

A PEER'S DAUGHTER'S ORIGINAL EXPERIENCE

LADY MOYA BROWNE

Daughter of the Earl of Altamont, the first lady to ride one of the trained ostriches at the well-known farm owned by Mr. Wingfield, at Ampthill, Beds. Here all sorts of animals are trained to do farm work, including dromedaries, camels, zebus, pigs, and llamas

Princesses and Daisies

A pleasing photographic study of H.R.H. the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha with her little daughter, Princess Sibylle

The agony in her voice terrified him. But he gave no sign of alarm. He was a musician, and must know that her voice rang falsely. But he could not have heard aright.

She waited for a second, for a century, for ever. There is no unit save eternity with which to measure this pause. But he said nothing.

Then speech came to her, a torrent of random words, uttered in a dangerous rising tone like the splintering of thin ice. She was telling him what a fine thing it was that he should be chosen to make the Chimes of Enkhuizen. But then even the Burgomaster—that absurd man whose bald head, blinking eyes, and pompous expression always made her laugh so; she dared not picture him or she would never stop laughing—even the Burgomaster was not so blind as to overlook his talents. And what fame it would bring him. Why, for years to come the name of Cornelis de Moet——

He stemmed the torrent of her words.

"Enough of my little affairs," he said gently. "What of thine?" he asked in a tender voice.

She shook her head without speaking.

"If only I could help thee."

"Thou canst!"

It seemed as if the whole world rang with the words, but she had not even whispered them. She hardly heard him as he went on to speak of his helplessness to assist her; of his poor fortunes as an artificer. At other times she would fiercely have defended him against himself. But now the doubting, deprecatory words droned without meaning in her ears.

The moments, since an eternity of unhappiness began, pounded in her brain. She thought of a stone sinking down the depths of a bottomless ocean; of a ship sailing over the horizon never to return.

She kissed him gently on the forehead.

"Good-bye, dear Cornelis."

"My sweet mistress, good-bye."

It was their real parting.

They left the shadow of the windmill and walked slowly back to the town, she dragging her weary feet into unison with his.

That very evening Christina sought her father and said that which wiped the expression of haunting fear from his rugged countenance.

. . . . . .

At the wedding of Dirk de Keyzer and Christina Van Renssalaer an unfortunate commotion arose after the ceremony. A man threw out a light jest about another who could have saved this union if he had not been a poor half-witted, philosophising fool.

Cornelis de Moet was pulled off the jester's throat and was put to bed, where he spent some weeks laughing and picking at the pattern of the coverlet. When he grew well he went, with stooped shoulders, to the Burgomaster to announce his fitness for the task which had been set him.

. . . . . .

And it is the love story of Cornelis de Moet and Christina Van Renssalaer which has given such sad, haunting melody to the Chimes of Enkhuizen. Left nothing but his beloved bells, Cornelis endowed them with the bitter-sweet of his memories. That is why the Chimes of Enkhuizen recall the dead past as they tinkle like the notes of a spinet over the waters of the Zuyder Zee.

ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Latter-day Cricket Celebrities

No 1.—MR. E. J. RADCLIFFE, CAPTAIN OF YORKSHIRE

Born on January 27, 1884, Mr. Radcliffe was called upon to lead the Yorkshire team at an early age. He is a splendid worker, is possessed of fine judgment, and although as yet little success has rewarded him personally as a batsman, the "Tykes" under his captaincy have climbed to the top of the Championship table

BY THORPE

THE DECADENCE OF PROVINCIAL ROWING CLUBS

SOME REASONS THEREOF AND A SUGGESTED REMEDY

Signs of Decay

I do not think that anyone really acquainted with the present state of provincial rowing clubs will question the statement that, generally speaking, all, or mostly all, of them are showing signs of decay. That there is a reason for this, as in all decay, is obvious, but the question is whether, in this particular malady, the root of the trouble having been discovered, the evil can be banished. It is well known by those officers and committees on whose shoulders rest the responsibility of running rowing clubs, that it is, to a great extent, the counter-attraction of golf or motoring that is undermining the manly, health-giving sport of rowing. I know of no kind of sport, indeed, which is more beneficial, mentally as well as bodily, to youth as this. It brings out all that is best in a lad's character, and it brings him in contact with healthy, clean-minded, manly men, whose influence is greatly for good. I am afraid, however, that the tendency of the twentieth century is towards ease and luxury, and everything which tends to the lessening of physical labour and exercise.

Some Reasons

I will ask my readers to cast back their minds for, say, twenty years. During these important years, things have changed with amazing rapidity. Among the most noticeable features has been the development of the motor-car, which has completely altered the aspect of country life. Before these days, and in our fathers' and grandfathers' times, the matter of getting about was very different from to-day. Then it meant strenuous work, and occupied time. To-day thirty or 130 miles means next to nothing to the individual either in energy or time. Thus it is that young men who own motors, or have friends who own them, are able to jump into cars as they leave their office desks, which take them away on summer evenings almost any distance—or, perhaps, direct to some golf club.

Golf More Popular

Here, too, is another detraction from rowing—golf, a game which, though as ancient as the hills, is only a modern one to young men engaged in business—the class that forms the nucleus of rowing club members. Nowadays nearly every town and district has its golf club, though formerly only a very few existed in the kingdom, and those who played were generally leisured men. Since, however, the game grew into almost universal popularity, clubs have sprung up like mushrooms, with the result that young men and maidens, old men and children, all made haste to take up this ancient and honourable game, and that it is a game of super-excellence is, I think, agreed by all. There are other reasons which make the game attractive to the young man of to-day, one being that it does not entail the necessity of strict disciplinary training, as does rowing. This, in these times of ever-growing luxury, appeals to youth, and though I do not say he likes rowing or hard work the less, he certainly appears to love ease and freedom the more. Cricket and rowing have never clashed, neither have football nor tennis with the river, but that golf and motoring have been responsible for the great falling off in, at any rate, provincial clubs is an unassailable fact.

Wanted—Encouragement

Why is it we never see at Henley the crews from provincial clubs nowadays? Who are the competitors there now? A few leading Thames clubs, the Universities, and a foreign club or so. The ideal Henley, to my mind, would be the meeting-place for supremacy of the rivers of the kingdom by crews who have trained and worked to uphold the honour of their clubs. One would like to see, as in cricket, the counties fighting it out on the Henley course in real good old-fashioned style. That, indeed, would be worth coming down to see, and it would invoke tremendous enthusiasm. No encouragement appears to be given to provincial clubs—and there are a great number—to put fresh life into them. Unless something is done, and speedily, I can clearly foresee the steady and sure sinking into oblivion of many a club. Take such a club, for instance, as the Royal Chester, with its lovely river and perfect course. This ancient and only Royal rowing club once entered regularly in the Henley contests. To-day it can just muster an eight, and a coxless four or so, composed mainly of Liverpool men. I think I am correct in saying that of all the members in this club only 4 per cent. are Chester men. Yet about 1,000 boats are on the river at Chester, half of which may be for hire, the rest club or private property. Here, then, is an instance of apathy as regards rowing for racing purposes. The river, it is true, is crowded with people lazily paddling upstream to shady nooks, but that is all.

A Remedy

I feel that this applies to other rivers, and, therefore, the only thing to be done to give a fillip to provincial rowing is for some scheme to be hit upon whereby these anæmic and apathetic clubs can be stirred once again into life before it is too late. What form such scheme could take is not for me to say, but I fancy an organised attempt should seriously be made for the supremacy of British river clubs, to be rowed at Henley; that the scheme should be of such an attractive nature as to interest and stir seceders, who otherwise will surely and certainly leave their clubs, to be only the poorer, the weaker, and lost to sight by their own deserters.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Famous Rowing Clubs at Home

No. 5 The Burton

Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

The Club-house and Grounds on the Trent

THE Burton-on-Trent Rowing Club is one of the oldest of the provincial rowing clubs, having been founded in 1865. Of recent years the Club has not met with a large amount of success owing chiefly to the inroads of golf, tennis, and licensing legislation; but in 1902, on the classic waters of Henley, the Burton Senior Coxswainless Four not only equalled the performance of the only other successful provincial club at the regatta, viz., Royal Chester Rowing Club, by carrying off the Wyfold Challenge Cup, but also eclipsed it by winning in record time, although under very disadvantageous conditions. This time, 7 min. 43 sec., still stands as the record for the Wyfolds.

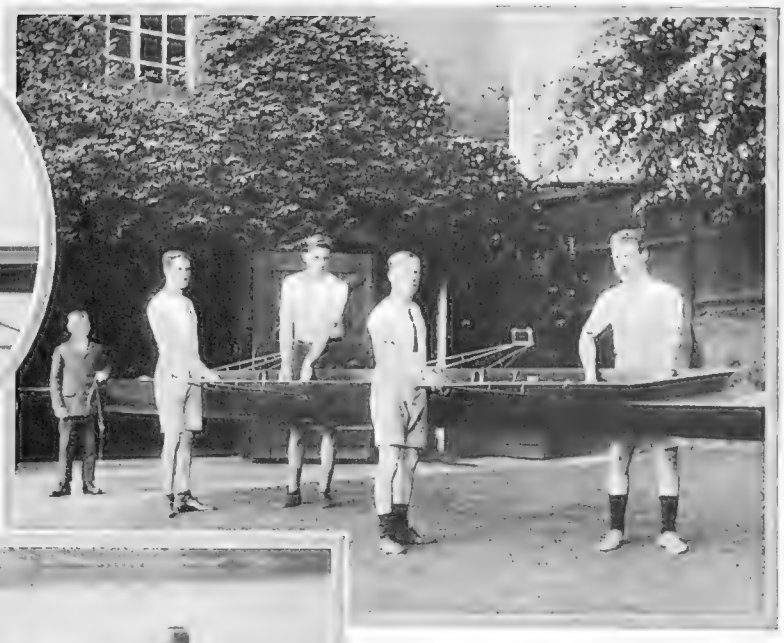
Two Prominent Members

Left: Mr. R. K. Beaumont, a well-known figure in the rowing world, who has won practically everything of note in the provinces and once reached the final of Diamonds at Henley. *Right:* Mr. S. H. Evershed, Hon. Sec. of the Club, and son of the old Captain of the Derbyshire County C.C.

The Club is fortunate in having one of the very best of regatta courses possible on the upper waters of the Trent, there being an absolutely straight mile with room for three crews to row abreast all the way, while the scenery is only equalled by the upper reaches of the Thames.

Burton Rowing Clubmen: *(Left to right)* S. G. Johnson, J. H. Lawrence, D. J. Hunter, M. Lourtie, and F. Sadler (Captain)

The Burton Captain in a Skiff



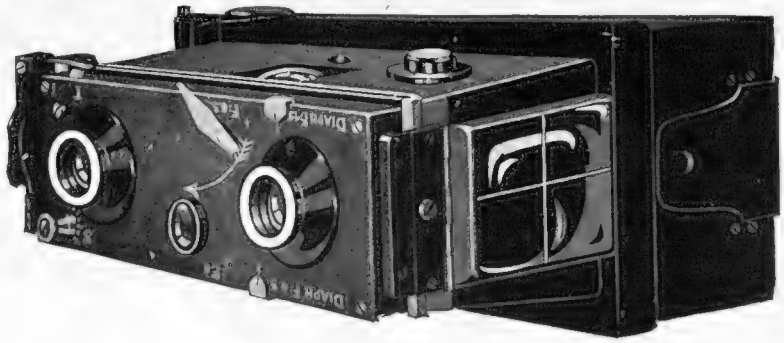
Bringing Out a Boat

A Burton Pair at Practice

Mr. R. Ratcliff is the present President, in succession to the late Lord Burton, and the Club is much indebted to the great brewin firm of Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton for the way in which they are alway ready to support the best interest of rowing.

Beyond any manner of doubt th Burton could occupy a muc higher position in the rowing worl were it better supported numerically. The river deserves well of the Clul. Unless the young athletes of Burto join in greater numbers and practic with greater assiduity, the Club, hard though the few labour, may cease to be worthy of the river.

A Picturesque Peep of the Trent Showing Stapenhill Church Tower: A Crew at Practice in the Foreground



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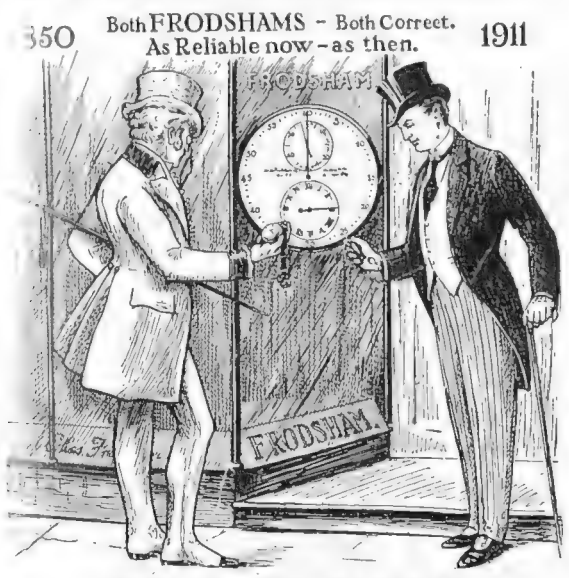

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The Golf Open Championship *(continued)*

BY ERNEST LEHMANN

A Day of Thrills

The thrilling moments I went through on the last day of the Championship, when Duncan, Ray, Vardon, Taylor, Mr. Hilton, Herd, Massy, and Braid were all struggling for the lead, I shall never forget. When Vardon had finished in 303, one after another of these players came along to the last few holes, vainly endeavouring to beat this score. Massy alone managed to tie, but undoubtedly Mr. Hilton and Herd had, till within a few holes of home in the case of the former, and till the last hole in that of the latter, the best chance of beating Vardon. If I may use a vulgar simile, it was almost like watching a set of men endeavouring to emulate or better the feat of one of them who had succeeded in climbing the greasy pole and seizing the leg of mutton. One after the other they got almost within grasping distance, only to experience the mortification of slipping down as they made a snatch at the prize. Mr. Hilton, in particular, when he faced the sixteenth hole in his last round, seemed absolutely certain to repeat his success of 1897 and to add fresh laurels to his rich crown by doing what Mr. John Ball did in 1890 in winning both Championships in one year. Let us all take off our hats to this gallant sportsman and lovable individual for the splendid manner in which he led that noble band of amateurs, who so amply retrieved their disaster of the Coronation match by their really remarkable performances in this Championship. Mr. Hilton almost won, while Mr. "Ted" Blackwell had the supreme satisfaction of sharing with Duncan the great honour of recording a 71, the lowest score returned throughout the meeting.

Able Management on an Excellent Course

Before I proceed to analyse the form of the leading men I must say a few words about the course itself and the management of the meeting. When I first arrived at Sandwich I asked how the new holes were playing, for my readers will remember that I described in an earlier BYSTANDER the changes that had been made in the fifth, sixth, tenth, and seventeenth holes, vital changes which had completely transformed these holes. I heard conflicting opinions, and found, indeed, that there was already a certain amount of agitation for the restoration of the old maiden, the old fifth, and the old tenth; but I soon became convinced, by personal experience and by watching the play of these holes throughout the meeting, that they were now in the right positions, and that any return to the old *régime* would be a disastrous mistake. Taking the course as it is now, and comparing it with the course on which the Championship of 1904 was played, one can only say that it is now in the very front rank of the Championship courses, whereas formerly it was surely the worst of them all. The management of this huge and unwieldy mass of players was beyond praise, and reflects the utmost credit on Captain, Committee, and the indefatigable and able Secretary, Mr. Ryder Richardson.

The Management of Room Plants

OF the various glass structures in private gardens, the stove is the least useful. Most of the plants grown in it are so delicate that they cannot be taken elsewhere except for short periods, and the temperature is generally so high that nobody cares to enter it. The chief value of a plant lies in the beauty of its flowers or its foliage; if it cannot be brought out into the garden or the house where it can be seen, it should be rejected as useless. In rooms the conditions are certainly not favourable to vegetation of any kind. What with the dry atmosphere, dust, gas, and draughts, plants cannot be expected to remain long in health, and even those with hard leaves, such as palms, should be frequently changed. It is a not uncommon practice to turn them outside and syringe them. The practice is a good one, provided that they are not left out in strong sunshine. Shut up in the comparative gloom of a room, the foliage gets rather soft, and if it is suddenly exposed to fresh air it is almost certain to wilt. Most plants used for house decoration may with advantage stand outside for a month or two during the summer, but for the first week or more they should be in the shade. Some, such as bananas, are liable to be damaged by wind, and for them a sheltered corner should be chosen. An occasional spraying may be necessary to destroy insects, but if the leaves are large and strong the insecticides can be applied better with a sponge or even with a brush than with a syringe. A weak solution of an artificial fertiliser will be beneficial during the growing period — from the beginning to the middle of it, but not towards the end.

Tall Plants in the Border

If tall plants such as Michaelmas daisies are not supported they are sure sooner or later to tumble about and look very untidy, while if they are bunched tightly together their appearance is completely spoilt. The best way out of the difficulty is to tie them up fairly early in the season, three sticks with cord round them being generally sufficient for each clump. Afterwards, as they grow they spread out at the top, and, while being in no danger of falling, lose their stiffness, and the sticks are hidden. The arrangement may be improved by leaving a few of the stems outside the cord, merely attaching them loosely to it if necessary. If the clumps are too thick they should be thinned. There are often so many shoots crowded together that it is impossible for them to flower properly. Plants of this class spread so rapidly that, unless they are cut back with the spade, they soon kill any weaker ones near them. They must also be kept out of box-edging, or it will wither away.

H. C. DAVIDSON

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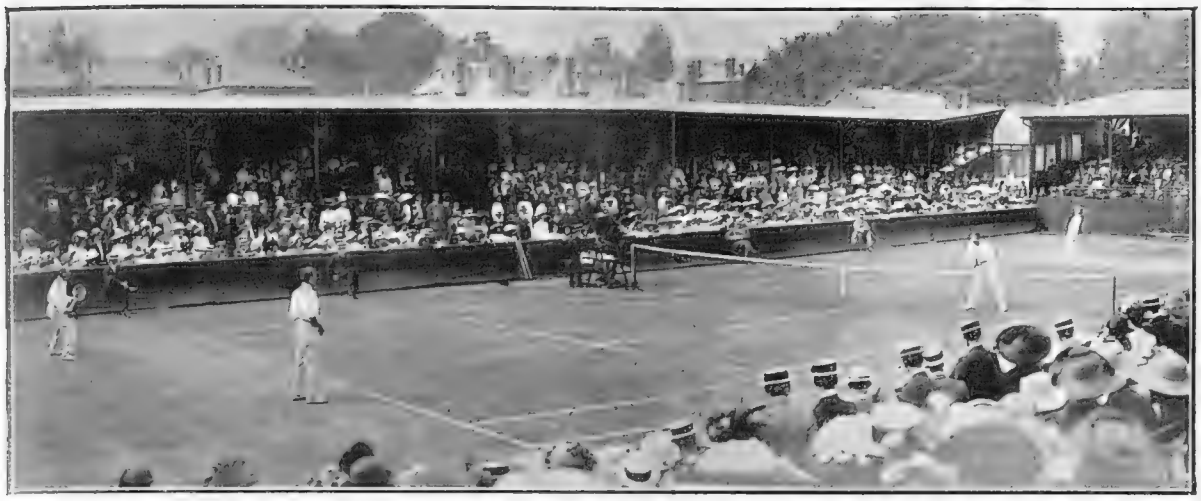


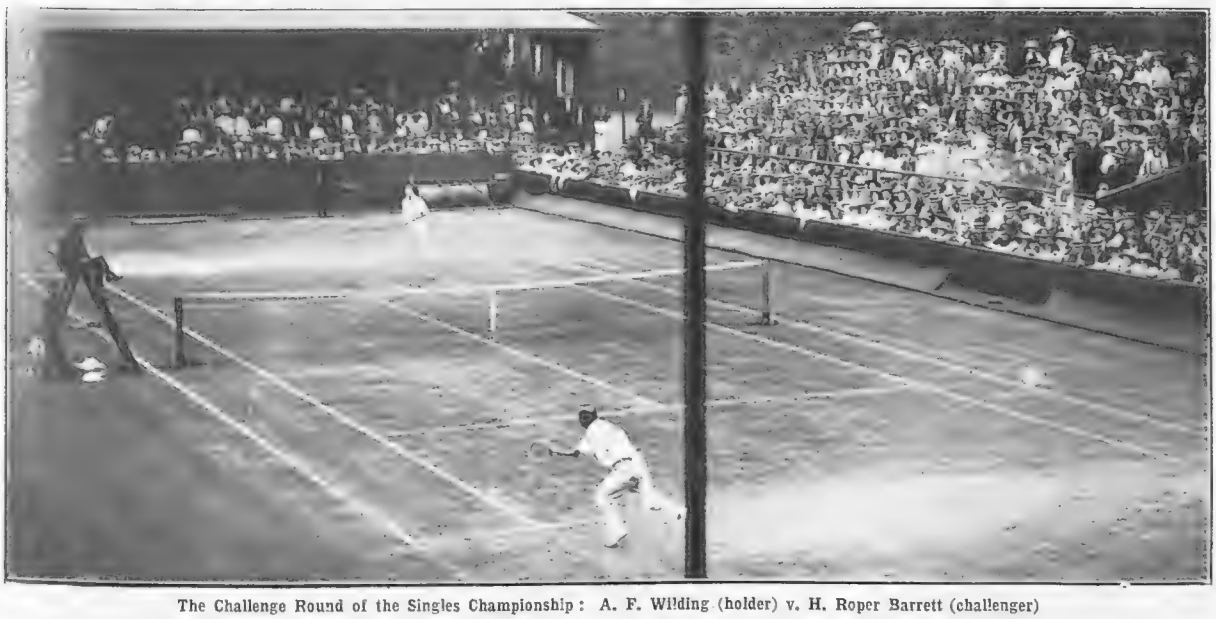
Photograph *Sport and General*

The Challenge Round of the Doubles Championship: Decugis and Gobert (challengers) v. Wilding and Ritchie (holders)

The Doubles Championship was won for the first time on Friday by a Continental pair, the Frenchmen beating the holders by three sets to two. Decugis was the hero of the match

A Disappointing Match

There were moments during the great challenge match at Wimbledon on Saturday when one wanted to laugh, and others when one wanted to weep; it verged both on the ludicrous and on the lamentable to see Wilding, the holder of the World's Championship, hypnotised almost into impotence by a worn-out yet wideawake opponent, who could do little more than toddle about the court. From start to finish Wilding hardly ever really *hit* the ball, with the result that Barrett, without being able, or needing, to do much running himself, managed to run him right out all over the place for more than half the time, and very nearly to fluster him out of the match. Barrett has always been Wilding's *bête noir*, and if he had been fit he would have easily beaten him; but after a continuous fortnight of hard tennis the strain of playing in Saturday's heat was too much for him. He went into court played out, and at the end of four sets, during which his wonderful skill and cleverness had almost made up for his physical disabilities, he was obliged to stop. It was a disappointing wind-up to a brilliant meeting, because it still leaves open the question whether Wilding is really the best man of the year. He is evidently still liable to attacks of "nerves." With everything in his favour he failed signally to rise to the occasion or even to exhibit any of the staying power for which he is famous. At the end of the third set he was almost as done as his opponent, and, although he deserves credit for pulling himself together in the fourth, one cannot resist the conclusion that he is lucky to be still World's Champion. Of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the lady champion, it suffices to say that she is fifteen better than any other lady playing, and that if Wilding were to attempt to give her thirty—the accepted difference between the best man and the best woman—he would probably lose. H. S. S.



The Challenge Round of the Singles Championship: A. F. Wilding (holder) v. H. Roper Barrett (challenger)

In this event, Roper Barrett, the winner of the All-Comers' Singles and the Prince of Wales's Cup, made a plucky effort to dethrone the holder, but was compelled to retire, overcome by the heat of Saturday, with the score at two sets all

The Russian Ballet—Emotional

ITS BEAUTY OF CONCEPTION AND EXECUTION AND ITS WONDERFUL ATMOSPHERE

Indefinable

I imagine that what strikes the ordinary spectator most about the performances of the Russian ballet at Covent Garden is something he finds difficult if not impossible to define. It is summed up in the sighs of "perfect," "wonderful," "extraordinary," and other complimentary epithets that run through stalls, boxes, and gallery at the end of each item. I write "sighs" advisedly, because, on the whole, that is what they are. The audience seems to be too impressed just to applaud carelessly. There is the little pause, the hesitation which characterises the highest form of enjoyment.

Wonderful Atmosphere

The fact is, that these wonderful artists possess two things almost unknown to dancers in this country—to wit, style and, at their best, emotion. You can see their style in everything they do, from the grotesque tumblings and acrobatics of the six *danseurs de caractère* to the delicate grace of the *premiers sujets*. To that the wonderful atmosphere of "Prince Igor" is due, and "Le Pavillon d'Armide" would be merely commonplace without it. Nor is this quality merely confined to the exploits of the dancers; it is just as evident in the design of the whole performance. Every detail of position, of movement, of entrance or exit is irreproachable. Indeed, M. Fokine, the choreographic director, is a genius as well as a stylist, and deserves our enthusiasm just as much as Karsavina or the astounding Nijinsky—though, thanks to the partiality of the English public for the executive rather than the creative artist, he is not in the least likely to get it.

The Russian ballet has literally taken London by storm. Though the dancing mania has held us in its grip for some years past, we realise that, before seeing Karsavina, Nijinsky, and the rest of the clever company, we knew little of its true poetry. Our sketch was made at Covent Garden by Norman Morrow

Emotionalism in Dancing

As to their emotion, one could write pages about it. The subject of emotion in dancing and pantomime is a fascinating one. For my part I believe that this side of the art is capable of almost indefinite development. We have hardly begun to appreciate the possibilities of the combination of pantomime and a modern orchestra. And I am encouraged in my belief because I find that Noverre, who of all persons connected with the art of dancing had certainly the greatest intellect and the finest instincts, agrees with me. As long ago as 1760 he insisted that dancing should be primarily emotional, not merely decorative, and he goes so far as to say that it is *particularly* adapted to the representation of serious and tragic subjects.

Schumann's "Carnéval"

However that may be, it is quite certain that we hardly ever do find ballets which really move the spectators. As a rule they are confined to a display of padded calves, whirling draperies, and such post-prandial delights. So that when we do chance to light upon anything truly emotional we ought to cherish it as lovingly as a Mozart opera or a song by Schubert, and for this reason, in spite of the extraordinary exhilaration of the warrior-dances in "Prince Igor," I single out the interpretation of Schumann's "Carnéval" as the most remarkable of all the performances of the Russian ballet last week.

Artificial, But—

Certainly the "Carnéval" is neither serious nor tragic. It is frankly artificial in essence. We cannot take the sufferings of Pierrot exactly seriously, any more than the sentimentalities of Chiarina or the piquant roguery of Harlequin and his *innamorata*. These personages and the ladies in *paniers* and the gentlemen in coloured coats and top-hats are purely fanciful, purely dream-creatures, incredible, soulless. But somehow one couldn't help feeling that there was more underneath all this than met the eye. The effect was, to me, that of looking at inimitable marionettes acting a play which they assured us to be a comedy, but which we knew all the time to be a tragedy. I don't know why such an effect should have been produced. Perhaps it was the sheer beauty of the conception and of the execution; perhaps the touch of humour, the simplicity of motive. In any case, I felt that the "Carnéval" possessed something which the other two ballets lacked, and for want of a better word I must christen it "emotion." After all, I suppose that anything perfect is emotional to a certain extent—is not that what Shakespeare meant when he makes Jessica say that she is never merry when she hears sweet music?—and certainly the "Carnéval" is perfect, besides affording me the most pleasant recollection of the most pleasant hours I have spent in a theatre since "Sumurun."

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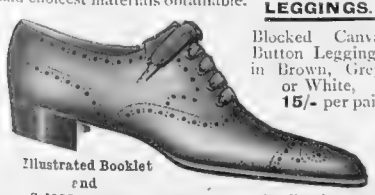

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RACING: Sandown Prospects.

BY CARBINE

Who Will Win the Eclipse?

Some of the greatest races I have ever seen have been for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. Nothing finer can be recalled than the magnificent fight eight years ago between Ard Patrick and Sceptre, who treated such a good Derby winner as Rock Sand like a common hack. Of the chief figures in that great race Ard Patrick and Rock Sand are both abroad now, and their owners, unhappily, are no longer with us, while Sceptre has been sold at auction this week. Last season we had another stirring struggle for the Eclipse, Lemberg and Neil Gow running so desperate a finish that the judge was unable to divide them. This week Lemberg will have another go for this rich stake, and there is an opponent who may be just too good for him. There is sure to be an immense crowd at this popular meeting on Friday, and we shall be pretty evenly divided into two camps. One party will swear by Swynford, the other by Lemberg.

An Alluring Race

Could you wish for a more alluring race? There will be good horses, such as Whisk Broom to ensure a good pace, but I do not expect them to have anything to do with the finish. We shall probably see the two champions out of themselves at the end. The great query is, which of the pair will have his head in front at the right place—the winning-post? The more you study their form the more baffled you become. Four times they have met, and twice each has beaten the other. It appears to be purely a question as to which of them will be better suited by the comparatively short course. I have always had a tremendous admiration for Swynford, and I stuck to him through thick and thin prior to his success in the St. Leger. But while admiring him you cannot help liking Lemberg. You could not want anything smoother than the style in which the latter cantered away with the Coronation Cup. Still, it is an old axiom in racing that latest form is the safest to trust, and I look to **Swynford** to repeat his Newmarket success, though it should be a race worth going many miles to see.

Other Selections

The lucky owner of the winner of the National Breeders' Produce Stakes on Saturday will receive nearly £5,000, this being the richest two-year-old race of the season. I expect that Mr. Fairie will collar the spoils with **Gay Laura**, whose defeat at Ascot can be safely ignored. The Great Kingston Plate on the first day of the meeting may go to **Melody**, and the Coombe Plate on the following day to **Bachelor's Hope**. At Newmarket on Wednesday Mr. Whitney's chosen candidate should secure the July Handicap, and on Thursday **Kilbroney** may win the Summer Handicap, and **Prince Palatine** the Midsummer Stakes.

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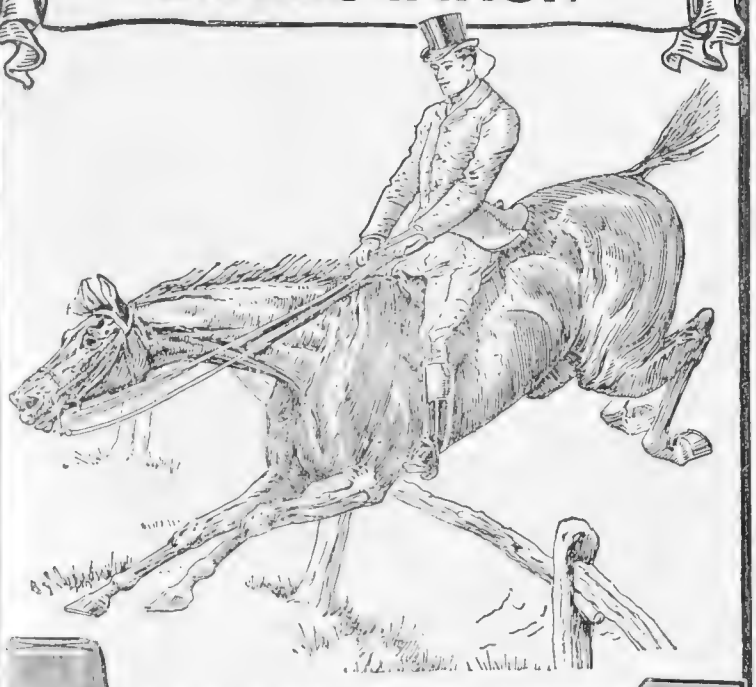

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Vivian Carter

A Civil List Mystery

Civil List Pensions are, as a general rule, little open to criticism, and doubtless the bulk of the sum awarded this year to authors and poets and their relicts has been well distributed. The poet does find it increasingly difficult, in these unpoetical days, to make ends meet. The story-writer, however, does not, as never was first-rate work more in demand, and never were there more *media* for it. One is, therefore, a little surprised at the grant of £100 per annum to Mr. Joseph Conrad, who surely would find little difficulty in making that sum a score of times annually would he but condescend to adapt his great talent to the technical requirements of those who invite work from his pen. I have somewhat painful memories of the fate of an application I made, some years ago, on behalf of The Bystander, for a short story by Mr. Conrad. He appeared to regard it as "improper" that so great a writer as himself should be informed of the length, and date of delivery, of the story required, and his terms per manuscript, to be written and delivered when he liked, about what he liked, and of the length he liked, turned one's blood cold. Proper pride, no doubt—but is this quite the type of author who is usually granted a pension from the public funds?

"In Search of Egeria"

"My dear fellow . . . you talk through your hat." Thus, on p. 134, to Maurice Westerton, the man who writes his story, *In Search of Egeria*, to wit, Mr. W. L. Courtney. Well, I think that about sums up Maurice. This book *is* largely a talk, a series of talks, through a hat, on the subject of love. Maurice is a middle-aged connoisseur of most things, whose life is a series of pictures, in each of which the liver of it insists on one woman. His ultimate end is Egeria, the ideal woman. Towards her he progresses by easy stages, *viâ* Cyprienne, Clara, Miriam Lucy, Cynthia, Seraphita, and others, discovering and relating in agreeable, philosophical style, as he passes, the reason why each is not Egeria. Ultimately he finds her—at least, a lady of that name finds him. It isn't quite what he expected—on the contrary, the last thing one would expect in Egeria would be that she should be called that. She couldn't possibly be, unless she were—as this one actually is—the widow of a rich American Senator, who takes Maurice because he'll do, because she can marry him without changing the initials on her trunks and clothes, and because she wants to know Ambassadors and the editor of the *Morning Post*.

The Spurious Flirt

Why on earth does Maurice marry her? His chronicler prefers to remain silent—and wisely. Why does *anybody?* For a talk through a hat, *In Search of Egeria* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.) is among the most polished and cultivated imaginable. I am not sure that one is ever specially interested in the emotional side of the hero, largely because, strictly speaking, there isn't any. He is a choice specimen of that type of *poseur* who gets the credit for being a philanderer and a libertine without the slightest justification. His Boswell is astonished in the course of the narrative to discover Maurice to be religious, but in this regard the reader will not share the surprise. It is from this type of man, non-moral, but "quite happy in an atmosphere of piety," that the Churches make many a convert.

Mr. Locke's New Novel

Mr. W. J. Locke is at pains to be not less delightful than ever in his new novel, *The Glory of Clementina Wing* (The Bodley Head: 6*s*.). It is Mr. Locke's rôle to take hold of persons of recognisable psychology, to put them through various evolutions, but all the while with the underlying idea that nothing and nobody are really serious, least of all he, Mr. Locke, himself. Many people approve wildly of this method. The central theme of the new novel may be described as a story of Job vindictive. Professor Quixtus, confronted at one blow with misfortune and gross disillusionment, losing at once love, trust, and friendship, decides to be wicked, devilishly wicked. Seeking wickedness, he fails to find it, as how often does anyone succeed in that search? The theme is profoundly interesting, but one loses the satire of it all in Mr. Locke's atmosphere of ubiquitous inconsequence. Such a theme needs, to my mind, a background of grimness. We do not want to open it with conversation between an inconsequent woman and a frivolous boy, and to meet, in the spaces between the Professor's adventures, other inconsequent persons, or to read the eternally inconsequent dissertations of the author himself. Mr. Locke's ideas are strong enough to demand more serious treatment.

Tired of Flippancy

The reading world is sickened, nauseated with flippancy. We want to know more about ourselves, and to think about ourselves, and whither we're all going, and why and how, and when. We endured, at the end of the last century, a surfeit of perversion, and decadence, and wondrous nonsense, and now demand the needed renaissance. Life to-day needs more real, less unreal, reflection. Reading a batch of novels of the moment resembles a walk past the distorting mirrors in the Luna Park, Paris. In one we see ourselves long and lean, in another short and fat, in another broad-beamed, and in another swollen-headed. Through Mr. Locke's mirror we wear an eternal grin.

V. C.

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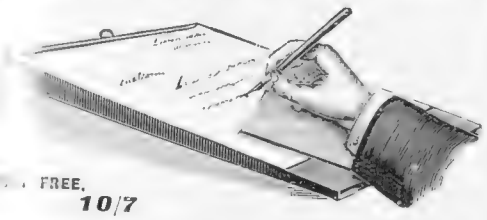

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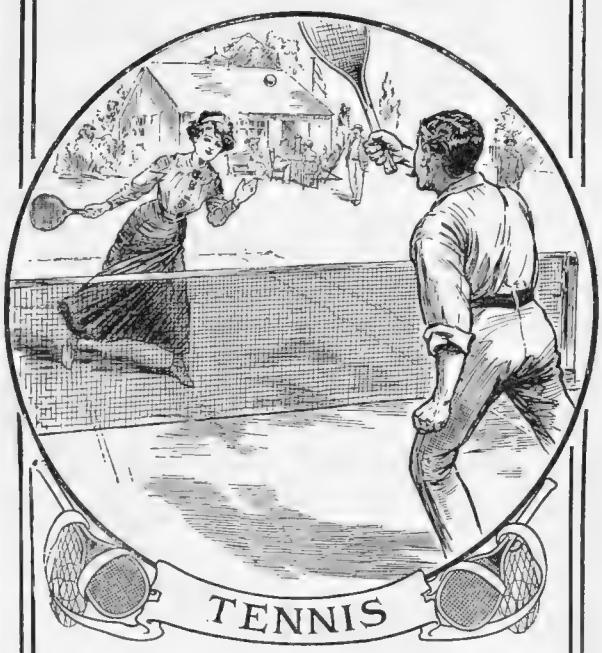

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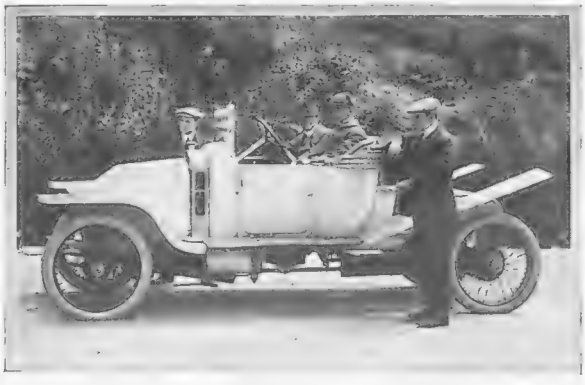
MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Scene at the Start for the Prince Henry Tour Last Week

Prince Henry of Prussia at the wheel of his car, starting from Homburg in the touring match between the Imperial A.C. of Germany and the R.A.C. of the United Kingdom for the Trophy presented by himself

The Motor-Cycle in Competition

THE motor-cycle races in the Isle of Man, from which I have just returned, call for comment. They were fine races. They were splendidly organised — the Auto-Cycle Union knows by now just how these things are done. If competitions of this sort have any moulding utility at all, utility was here. But chiefly they enabled us to see how wonderful a little vehicle this is; how safe and dependable even when driven outside the apparent limits of safety — although it can be dangerous enough when these limits are strained too severely; and—this particularly—how splendidly the machine of light weight and comparatively small power has developed. In this the democracy of motoring, the tendency is toward the perfection of the small engine; the constant endeavour the increase of power per cubic centimetre, just as we have it in cardom. For the first time we had what is called the Tourist Trophy race divided, in order to make a separate contest for machines of a maximum cylindrical capacity of 300 cubic centimetres for singles and 340 cubic centimetres for twins. That is to say, as against the so-called heavy-weight or machine of from 3½ h.-p. upwards (limited in this competition to a nominal 4 h.-p.), we had a race for engines of approximately 2¾ h.-p. or less. Another important alteration was in the course, which, for the first time in the five years of the history of the contest, was extended to a circuit of 37½ miles to include the ascent of Snaefell, making it the most strenuous general road test that has ever been imposed upon touring machines. The result in the heavy-weight event adequately reflected the extra severity of the course, and, of course, the restricted power of the machines. The average speed was, therefore, lower than last year or 1909. Godfrey on a 3¾ h.-p. Indian won; C. R. Collier on a 4 h.-p. Matchless was actually second, although afterwards disqualified for taking in petrol at an unauthorised depot; and two Indian riders were next. The course was 187½ miles long, covered in five circuits. For the little machines the course was the same, but the distance was reduced to four circuits, or 150 miles, and resulted in something of a triumph for the Humber machine of 2¾ h.-p.



The End of the Run

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Morocco and the Aeroplane

Just as a cloud, rather bigger, and decidedly blacker, than a man's hand, appears in the Eastern sky, and Morocco assumes importance as a potential storm-centre, we have the best demonstration of the possibilities of air craft that the short history of dynamic flight has ever given us. Forty-three competitors upon various types of aeroplane set out from Paris upon the most ambitious flight attempted so far. Seven of them completed all the seven stages, which ran by way of Liege, Spa, Utrecht, Brussels, Roubaix, Calais, to London. Eleven actually crossed the Channel. Ten arrived at Hendon, and left again for Paris by way of Shoreham, Dover, and Calais. On the day of their departure from Hendon, and as if specially to impress the significance of the matter upon the newspaper moulders of public opinion,

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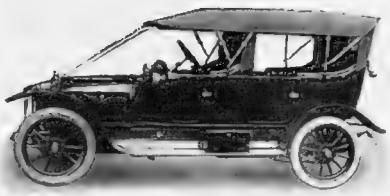

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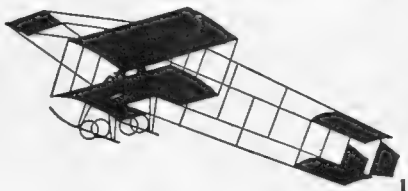

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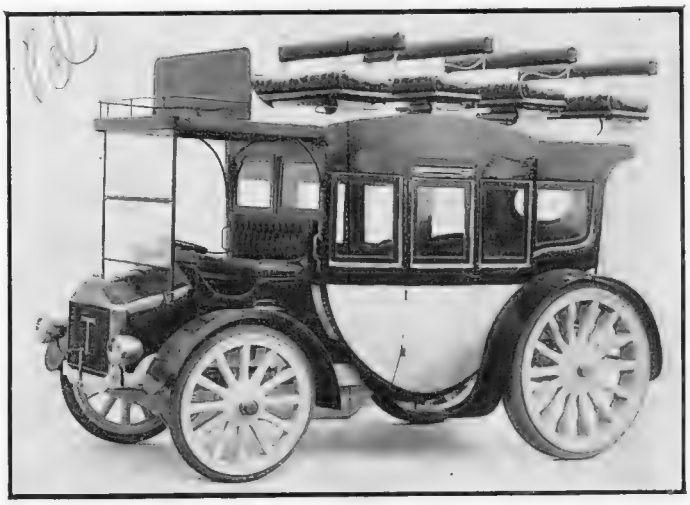
a biplane flew over Fleet Street, passing within sight of THE BYSTANDER offices. I do not know what may happen to the flyer in view of the ukase of the Royal Aero Club against flying over crowded areas, nor am I at the moment specially interested. Nor, again, am I desirous of overweighting the importance of the achievement of aeroplanes. I have already sufficiently indicated my view of the present position and power of air craft; and, again, of the utility, as well as the futility, of flight competitions. But I am concerned to suggest once again the urgent necessity for a more adequate estimate of the possibilities of the aeroplane in warfare. Moroccan problems may settle themselves quite nicely—I certainly hope they will; but he would be an entirely fatuous fellow who omitted to remember that large and deplorable consequences have developed from smaller causes, and that the price of peace is still eternal vigilance.

The Need for Vigilance

While there is always the possibility of political argument ending in an appeal to armaments, we are bound to keep our powder dry and our weapons ready. Regard it as much more imperfect than it is, under-estimate its potentialities as you will, there are the facts that eleven aeroplanes crossed from the Continent to London; that one flew, as many have flown before, over the heart of London; that each machine is equal to the carriage of considerable weights over and above the weight of the pilot; that these weights might as well be high explosives as anything else; that it does not require a specially good marksman to hit the mark when the target is as large as a city; that four thousand feet is quite an ordinary height at which an aeroplane may be piloted; that it is much too high and much too small to be dealt with effectively with land guns, while a pair of field-glasses from such an altitude would give the trained eye all the information it wants relating to the disposition of forces. These are a few of the bare facts. We have to deal with them. If we do not; if we madly imagine that Hague Conventions and other forms of good-intentioned flummery will prevent the use of the aeroplane in warfare, why, then, we may awake one day to find that hell can drop from the place where we looked for heaven. That is just all there is to it. It can be done. The situation calling for it to be done is easily conceivable—may arise out of the Moroccan or a dozen other problems. We have to decide what we are going to do about it in view of the admission that our aerial force is nothing like so well organised, nor so efficient, nor so strong, as our possible antagonists. The position calls not for panic legislation, nor anything remotely resembling it. But it *does* call for an ordered and statesmanlike and immediate review.



The Old Stage Coach in a New Form

Motor Coaches, Ltd., who control the motor output of the Thames Engineering Company (famous in engineering and for its "Thames" car), are running a service of old-time coaches, but substituting a six-cylinder 40 h.-p. engine for the sixteen legged 4 horse-power available in the days of animal haulage

In Compression

By a mistake, for which apologies are due, two famous names in motoring—Singer and Sunbeam—were confused in the recent reference to the Stock Car Race. The Sunbeam was mentioned as finishing second to the Star. In point of fact, it was Mr. G. O. Herbert's 15 h.-p. Singer, not the Sunbeam, which put up that excellent performance. The Sunbeam did not compete. I take the first opportunity of making the correction in the interests of both cars, and am sorry that the need should have arisen.

To talk of the Thames Ironworks Shipbuilding and Engineering Company is to conjure with a name of pre-eminence in the engineering world. It suggests large resources and almost illimitable facilities. It stands for the best work. It is a guarantee, too, of splendid efficiency in whatever department it may be operating. When, therefore, the Company turned its attention to automobiles we looked to find one of the best vehicles the British industry could boast. Nor did we look in vain. The record of the Thames car is in evidence. It constitutes its own eulogy.

Motor Coaches, Ltd., is the style of the firm which controls the motor productions of the Thames Company. It has just opened new showrooms at 29-31, Piccadilly, where the cars are on exhibition. I am concerned here, however, to make a passing reference to the firm's public service work more particularly. At Hastings and Eastbourne and Weymouth and other places fleets of 40 h.-p. four-cylinder vehicles, provided with four forward speeds and a reverse, and suspended upon specially long springs with rubber buffers, convey the holiday-maker on his unending journeys to see the local sights, while for the wealthier motorist with a sentiment for the old-time stage coach, there are beautifully finished facsimiles of that form of conveyance, but propelled by six-cylinder 40 h.-p. engines—a distinct power advantage of 36 over the 4 h.-p. available in the days of animal haulage, and with most other appointments correspondingly improved. These vehicles are to run from the Piccadilly premises of the firm to places of interest within a fair radius of London, *e.g.*, Brighton and Windsor. Motor Coaches, Ltd., modestly anticipate that the operations of the Company will increase from year to year. With the still developing resources and the ever-increasing reputation of the Thames Company behind, and with their own enterprise as a spur, it will certainly be something of a surprise to me if the anticipation is not realised in a much larger measure than ever Motor Coaches, Ltd., dared to hope.

The order of the London General Omnibus Company for five 8 h.-p. Silent Knight Rovers for the use of their staff is one of the best endorsements of the claims made for this highly efficient little vehicle that can be imagined. It may be accepted as the verdict of the expert only given after exhaustive tests have produced entirely satisfactory results.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 397.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, July 12, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

By order of the Executors of the late Sir George Newnes, Bart.

HUNTING WITH DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

A VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE FROM A NEIGHBOURING HILL.

MAGNIFICENT

MARINE

VIEWS.

ACETYLENE GAS.

400FT. TO 800FT.

ABOVE

THE SEA.

"THE VALLEY OF THE ROCKS," AS SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS.

NORTH DEVON.—"HOLLERDAY HOUSE," LYNTON.—Superbly positioned and unique MARINE RESIDENCE, splendidly built and fitted throughout quite regardless of cost, and approached by long carriage drive with entrance lodge. 21 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, spacious lounge hall in oak, 4 reception, and a billiard room; complete offices. Stabling for 4, motor garage.

LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS,

broad terrace walk, croquet lawns, gravel tennis courts, bowling green, hanging fir plantation on the hillside, and glorious moorland, rising to a height of 800ft., and overlooking the famous Valley of Rocks and the sea, in all ABOUT 40 ACRES.

Also two detached Residences, let, and producing £130 per annum. Corporation water, acetylene gas, main drainage. Electric light available. Golf, fishing, boating. Will be SOLD, by AUCTION, on JULY 25 (unless previously disposed of privately).—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W. N.B.—The costly Furniture will be Sold, by Auction, on the premises on July 26 and following days.

30 MINUTES' EXPRESS RAIL FROM TOWN.

Shooting and golf in the district.

CHARMING BUNGALOW RESIDENCE. | WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

ESSEX (on the Herts Border).—Pretty BUNGALOW RESIDENCE, approached by 2 short carriage drives, and situate within 1½ miles from a station. Hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices. Company's water. New drainage. Excellent stabling of 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, and 3 rooms over. Also a range of farm-buildings.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES,

including productive kitchen garden, orchard, etc. More grass land and shooting can be rented.

GOLF LINKS 1 MILE.

Well situated for hunting.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN, 10 minutes of main line station, yet enjoying complete privacy.—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and the usual domestic offices; electric light; main drainage; Company's water. The grounds extend to about 4½ ACRES, and contain some fine old specimen trees, wide-spreading lawns, tennis court, well-stocked kitchen garden, and meadow.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

BETWEEN LEATHERHEAD AND DORKING.
AT THE VERY LOW PRICE OF £30,000, SUBJECT TO A CONTRACT.
400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. STATION 2¼ MILES.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TO BE SOLD, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 353 ACRES,

including the above fine Residence, standing 400ft. above sea level, in a beautifully timbered park of 150 ACRES. Accommodation: suite of 5 reception rooms, saloon or billiard room, winter garden, 27 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; electric light installed; stabling for 10 horses. FARMERY AND 3 COTTAGES. BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT PLEASURE GARDENS. ANCIENT YEW WOOD OF ABOUT 80 ACRES, ETC. GOLF. HUNTING.

—Photographs and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,011)

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY (Purley; 40 minutes from City).—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of over ½ acre, with a frontage of 126ft. The House is fitted with electric light and gas, and comprises: hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathrooms, lavatories, etc.; motor-house could be built; chalk soil.

PRICE, £1,950.

—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20 Hanover Sq., W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

HAMPSHIRE (within easy reach of a main line station, from whence London is reached in about 2 hours).

TO BE SOLD.

The above fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber is exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glass-houses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (3,242)

ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.
QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.
A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 300 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, a compact PROPERTY, with beautiful grounds, parkland and woodlands, with a fine Residence, approached by a long drive, and containing: panelled hall and 5 reception rooms, about 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; practically every modern convenience is installed, including ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

First-rate stabling for 10 horses, lodge, and cottages; the grounds are very beautiful, and include FINE FLOWER GARDENS, LAWNS, LAKE, ETC.

They are divided from the park by a ha-ha fence; model farmery.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (4,516)

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE COOMBE LODGE ESTATE,
GREAT WARLEY, ESSEX.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY will OFFER this PROPERTY, by AUCTION, on a date to be announced, by order of the High Court of Justice, as a whole or in lots.

It comprises a substantially built MANSION, containing: lounge hall, billiard room, and about 20 bed and dressing rooms, together with large stabling and outbuildings, very attractive pleasure grounds, parkland, arable and pasture-lands, farmhouse buildings and cottages, etc., the whole extending to about 207 ACRES, INCLUDING SEVERAL EXCELLENT SITES RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT.

The farmlands of about 166 acres are let on a yearly tenancy as from Michaelmas, 1911.—Particulars (when ready) may be obtained of Messrs. DAWES and SONS, 2, Birchin Lane, London, E.C., Solicitors: Messrs CROSSE and SONS, of 7, Lancaster Place, Strand, London, W.C., Solicitors; Messrs. BOODLE, HATFIELD and Co., of 53, Davies Street, London, W., Solicitors; Messrs. VIGERS and Co., of 4, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C., Land Agents; or of the Auctioneers. Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

NEW FOREST (on an extensive open heath, 200ft. above the sea, 4 miles distant).—A charming little PROPERTY of about 15 acres TO BE SOLD. The old-fashioned modernised Residence as above, contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 3, coach-house, motor-house, saddle room, etc.; delightful grounds, including tennis lawn, rose garden, vegetable garden, and about 13 acres of grass. Price, £3,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,273)

HERTS

1 HOUR BY RAIL FROM MARYLEBONE OR BAKER STREET.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position, and commanding fine views over the Colne Valley. It stands high, and contains: hall, dining and drawing room, 7 bedrooms, sitting or bedroom, bath; double conservatory; well-equipped garage; complete installation of acetylene gas, telephone, modern drainage; splendid water supply; prettily timbered grounds of 1 acre; NEAR 2 GOLF LINKS.—Personally inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,705)

SURREY HILLS.

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE will be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, on Lease. It is approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: entrance hall and inner hall (40ft. by 20ft.), 3 other spacious reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; ample stabling at a convenient distance from the Residence; gardener's cottage; beautiful old pleasure grounds, 2 tennis and croquet lawns, large kitchen garden, in all 15 ACRES; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, modern drainage; gravel and sand soil; additional land up to 90 acres by arrangement.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,536)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

CHICHESTER AND GOODWOOD DISTRICT, and only about 4 miles from the sea.—To be SOLD, a charming and valuable small FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a well-arranged Residence (see view above), on gravel soil: panelled lounge hall, large reception rooms opening to verandah, about 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, housekeeper's room, etc.; exceptionally good stabling for 8, groom's rooms and coachman's cottage; well water raised by oil engine; sanitary arrangements believed to be perfect; heavily timbered grounds, inexpensive of maintenance, walled kitchen garden and meadowland, about 8 acres in all, with additional land adjoining available if required; hunting with 2 packs, and near golf links.—Strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,676)

ON THE GREAT WESTERN MAIN LINE.

WITHIN 3 MILES OF AN EXPRESS STOPPING STATION.

ONE OF THE BEST SPORTING ESTATES OF ITS SIZE IN THE MARKET, WITH A FINE OLD MANORIAL RESIDENCE, FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

THIS VERY HIGHLY FAVOURED PROPERTY lies in a ring fence, is traversed by good public roads, and comprises an area of about 1,500 ACRES. It includes a fine stone-built Manor House, with all the usual appurtenances; a number of well-proportioned farms, some desirable accommodation holdings, and various cottages and gardens, the whole combining to make an admirable self-contained estate. ITS RESIDENTIAL QUALIFICATIONS ARE OF A HIGH ORDER, lying as it does in an excellent social district, and possessing a Residence of first-class county rank. THE AGRICULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PROPERTY ARE OF THE SOUNDEST DESCRIPTION, while the SPORTING ADVANTAGES ARE without question SUPERLATIVELY GOOD. THE WHOLE OF THE LANDS ARE BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED, and the superb woods and plantations, which include some historic landmarks, are well watered, and occupy splendid positions for the rearing and retention of an almost unlimited head of pheasants, the property at the same time being famed for its bags of partridges and woodcock. CAPITAL TROUT FISHING is provided by a stream bounding the estate for a considerable distance. HUNTING with foxhounds, otter hounds, and harriers. Golf links near. The estate carries with it a VALUABLE ADVOWSON and 3 MANORS.—Particulars of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Personally inspected.

CHARMING AND VALUABLE

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

OF

72 ACRES

FOR SALE ON REDUCED TERMS.

Midway between

BRIGHTON AND LONDON.

MEDIUM-SIZED

COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.

Stabling. Farmery. Entrance Lodge.

2 Cottages.

Near 2 Golf Links. Excellent Hunting.

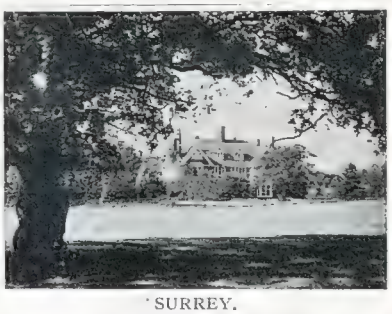
2 miles from a town and station.

—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,571)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Celebrated Golf Course within a mile. 1½ miles from a good town.

PRICE, £4,000 for the above charming GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE, 280ft. above sea, with varied and extensive views; stabling for 4 horses, farmery, delightful well-timbered grounds, lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, glasshouses, and pasture-land, in all 19 ACRES: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, hall, and offices; 2 carriage drives; stone entrance lodge; hunting with 3 packs.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,849)



SURREY.

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

IN A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT, about 600ft. above sea level.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, situated amidst well-timbered surroundings; it is approached by a long carriage drive, through a beautiful wood, with lodge entrance. It contains: outer and inner halls, 4 spacious reception rooms, boudoir, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; the well-timbered grounds include full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and small bungalow; stabling for 4, with coach-house; 3 rooms for men.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,364)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

SALE ON JULY 18.
AT A VERY MODERATE RESERVE.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE, WISBECH (in the midst of the fruit and flower district).—"LYNCROFT," an exceptionally well-built FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,

STANDING IN GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES:

lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; several greenhouses; gas and water laid on.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above, by AUCTION, on JULY 18.—Solicitors, A. M. JACKSON, Wisbech.

SALE ON JULY 18.
ONE OF THE CHEAPEST HOUSES OFFERED THIS YEAR.
£1,250. UPSET PRICE.

CATERHAM (about 8 minutes from the station).—A well-built, finely placed, and comfortable COUNTRY HOUSE: 9 bed and dressing, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms, and conservatory; pretty gardens, tennis lawn, etc., an acre; 500ft. up; good views.—Apply, C. and F. RUTLEY, Woldingham Station; or HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SALE ON JULY 18.
BY ORDER OF THE OWNER, WHO IS LEAVING THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.
EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING GARDENS WITH A WEALTH OF ROSES.

GUILDFORD (near).—On the high ground, about 2 miles from this excellent junction station.—An attractive, old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with many interesting features, having originally been an old farmhouse: 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, outer and inner halls, etc.; stable and garage; pretty tennis lawn, winding walks, most productive kitchen garden, 2 acres.—For SALE PRIVATELY, or by AUCTION on the 18th inst., by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SALE ON JULY 18.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE (between).—An attractive little GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE AND 55½ ACRES, known as "THE POPLARS," Blackboys, Sussex, containing: 2 reception, lounge hall, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, conservatory, and offices; nice garden and tennis lawn; 2 cottages, and excellent set of farm-buildings; or the House would be SOLD with less if desired.—For SALE, by AUCTION, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FOR SALE, ONLY £4,000.
Glorious views for 20 miles to "The White Horse," near Colne.

"RAVENS WELL HOUSE," WILTS, containing: 3 reception rooms, hall, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices; lodge; stabling for 3; lovely gardens, grounds well timbered, the whole including about

1-½ ACRES.

Within 3 miles of main line station, 2 hours from Town.—For further particulars apply to the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NEAR EAST GRINSTEAD.
MAIN WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. SANDSTONE SUBSOIL. NO MOTOR DUST.

2 OR 3 PERFECT BUILDING SITES, well timbered, commanding extensive views of Ashdown Forest, within easy reach of station, church, village, post-office, practically surrounded by large estates; the rural nature of the locality in no danger of any material development.—Plan and further details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SALE ON JULY 18.
AT A LOW RESERVE.

WIMBLEDON COMMON (close to), on the crest of the Hill, on gravel soil.—A charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, "KILMENY," Arterberry Road: 10 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices;

PRETTY GROUNDS WITH FULL-SIZED TENNIS LAWN, ETC.;

electric light, telephone, and every convenience.—Will be SOLD, by AUCTION, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, in conjunction with Messrs. OGDEN, SONS and OLLEY, Wimbledon.

TO POULTRY FARMERS AND OTHERS.

SUSSEX.—A choice little POULTRY FARM of about 10 acres, with Old Sussex FARMHOUSE.—To be SOLD, by AUCTION, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN. £950.
Should be seen at once.

SURREY HILLS (Kenley). — An attractive BIJOU RESIDENCE, with 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom; very pretty gardens of ½ acre with tennis lawn; gas, Company's water, every convenience.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

QUITE A UNIQUE PROPERTY.
CHARMING GROUNDS AMIDST FINE OLD CASTLE RUINS.

KENT (near Rochester).—To be LET, for Summer or longer, well-furnished, newly decorated and very attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 9 bed 4 reception, bath; stabling 2, coach-house; lovely old grounds, 2 tennis; flower and kitchen garden, 6 acres.—Photos and all details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,103)

ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

DUBLIN (near).—Fine GEORGIAN RESIDENCE to be LET, Furnished: 14 bed, 3 reception, 2 bath; stabling 7, coach-house, cottages, finely timbered grounds, 2 tennis, etc.: 60 acres; golf ½ mile; hunting. RENT MODERATE.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,760)

AMIDST EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS

SCOTLAND (on the shores of Loch Linnhe).—To be LET, Furnished, attractive modern RESIDENCE: 10 bed and dressing, 3 reception bath etc.; stabling, cottage (5 bed); nice grounds; sea-fishing; near church, post and telegraph, etc. yacht could be chartered.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,756)

GOLF AND FISHING.

NORWICH near, but in quite a rural situation).—To be LET, Furnished, for 8 weeks in Summer, attractive, well-furnished JACOBEAN RESIDENCE: 10 bed, 3 reception, bath; stabling 5; very pretty grounds, 4 acres; church and telegraph 5 minutes; electric light; sand soil—All details and photos of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,760)

PROBABLY THE FINEST SITUATION ON THE SOUTH COAST.
FACING DIRECTLY OUT TO SEA.

TO BE SOLD, a charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a substantial stone-built Residence, occupying a delightful situation, and containing: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light throughout.

THE FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS SLOPING TO THE BEACH

are a special feature, and contain a wonderful variety of flowering trees and shrubs, and subtropical plants, etc., in sheltered places. Good stabling, garage, and coach-house, etc.; boathouse,

IN ALL ABOUT 6 ACRES.

—Box K 4,659, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

HUNTING-BOX AT SOUTH KILWORTH (between Rugby and Market Harborough, 2½ miles from Welford Station (L. and N.W.), and 4 miles from Lutterworth Station (G.C.)

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.—An interesting and commodious old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with modern additions and improvements, containing: good hall, 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, w.c.'s, secondary staircase, excellent domestic offices with servants' hall; good cellar; stabling comprises 2 sets of 4 boxes, each of which could be divided into 2 stalls, making stabling for 16 if desired; coach-house, saddle room (with fireplace), and enclosed stableyard; excellent supply of water (examined and passed by local sanitary authority) by gravitation from high-level well in gravel bed; also soft water cistern and tank; gardens with croquet and tennis lawns; walled kitchen garden in high cultivation, well-stocked greenhouses, frames, etc.; about 40 acres of rich pasture-land is owned with the house (which it adjoins), and the whole or a portion thereof would be sold to the purchaser if desired: the House is now completely furnished, and, if desired, the furniture would be sold; particularly good situation for hunting; the Property is situated in the Pytchley Country, and within easy reach of the Atherstone and Mr. Fernie's Hounds; golf links at Lutterworth and Rugby.—For further particulars, permission to view, etc., apply, Messrs. WATSON and SON, Solicitors, Lutterworth; or to Messrs. STYLES and WHITLOCK, Auctioneers, Bank Street, Rugby.

In a beautiful position, entirely free from all motor-dust and noise.

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds of nearly

40 ACRES.

The accommodation includes: lounge hall (24ft. by 21ft. 6in.), drawing room (25ft. 6in. by 23ft. 9in.), smoking room, dining room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), morning room (18ft. 9in. by 14ft.), 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 9, coach-house, and men's rooms; tastefully planned gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, well-stocked kitchen gardens, and meadow-land.—Box K 4,486, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

MILVERTON LAWN (1 hour 35 minutes from London).—A gentleman's very attractive RESIDENCE, built by Hubert Lloyd, Esq., at a cost of £18,000, comprises: noble hall with marble staircase, music saloon, and billiard rooms, etc.; extensive stabling, garages, and grounds. The whole FREEHOLD to be SOLD at a third the original cost.—Illustrated particulars may be had from F. HIRSCHLER, 60, Parker St., London, W.C.

RENT, £130 OR NEAR OFFER.

SURREY.—GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with gardens and paddocks about 4½ acres; high and healthy situation, 600ft. above the sea and with extensive views: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, etc.; electric light, telephone; every convenience; good stabling and man's room; cowsheds, etc.; station only ¾ mile; 45 minutes' rail from Town.—Apply, C. and F. RUTLEY, Woldingham Station, Surrey. (Tel.: 24 Woldingham.)

WALTON-ON-THAMES (amid charming surroundings, in neighbourhood of similar high-class houses, and although only 35 minutes from Waterloo (main line), this district is not suburban).—An artistic and well-built COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: 3 good sitting rooms, opening out of comfortable entrance hall, 7 bedrooms and bathroom, lavatories, kitchen, pantries, etc.; good grounds with tennis lawn, and flower and vegetable gardens. Price, Freehold, £1,700, if desirable arrangements could be made to obtain mortgages for £1,600.—F. N. RECKITT, Ashley Wood Lodge, Walton-on-Thames (Telephone 48). Smaller house similar to above could be Let on Lease, £70 per ann.

CAMBERLEY (Surrey; 350ft. above sea level, on gravel soil and in the midst of the pine country).—For SALE, a charmingly designed and genuinely well-built RESIDENCE, containing: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, large oak-panelled hall (26ft. by 14ft.), 3 large reception rooms, spacious VERANDAH, good offices for servants, 2 staircases; motor garage; tennis lawn, etc.; gas water, and main drainage; erected by first-class builder under the direct superintendence of architect; extra land if required. Also 2 somewhat smaller Houses. Station ½ mile; church ¼ mile.—Plans and photographs, etc., of Messrs. SADLER and BAKER, Land Agents, Camberley.

FRINTON-ON-SEA.—£5 5s. a week.—To be LET, during July, August, and September, well-furnished COTTAGE, containing: 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; close to golf links; 2 minutes from station.—Apply by letter on C 4,481, c/o W. T. HEDGES, Ltd., 1, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

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THE HIGHLY IMPORTANT FREEHOLD PROPERTIES, comprising a CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE, and 3 delightful Freehold Pleasure Cottages, the whole being in splendid order, having just been artistically renovated. Together with

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VIEW FROM DEANLANDS.

SUSSEX (about 1½ miles from West Hoathly Station, 4 miles from East Grinstead, and convenient for Haywards Heath, Three Bridges, and ASHDOWN FOREST.—An important FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 260 ACRES, OCCUPYING A SUPERB POSITION ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE on sandy soil, and commanding a VAST PANORAMA OF GRAND VIEWS.

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LOT 1.—WICKENDEN FARM.—The charming modernised Farmhouse, 3 cottages, farm-buildings, grand woodlands, fertile arable and pasture-lands.. ..	174	2	11
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No public footpaths over any portion of the Estate. Good water supply.

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THE PRETTY OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance. Contains: 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, stabling for 3, 2 tennis and other lawns; rose garden, pleasure and kitchen gardens; *farmery with cottage, 4 paddocks, large cricket field;* in all about 21 acres.—WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL the above PROPERTY, by AUCTION, at Exeter, on THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911.—Illustrated particulars, with plan and conditions of sale, may be obtained from the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil, Somerset.

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WELL-TIMBERED PARKLANDS AND WOODS OF 210 OR 40 ACRES.

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NEAR HAYWARDS HEATH (high up, gravel soil, glorious views).—An attractive Elizabethan Black and White RESIDENCE: 4 reception, billiard, 4 bathrooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; motor garage; bailiff's house, cottage, farmery; main water; petrolite gas; telephone; very pretty pleasure grounds, nicely timbered

PARKLANDS OF ABOUT 60 ACRES.
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COST £11,000. PRICE ASKED £3,500.

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Wooded dells, ornamental water, and parklands of 27 acres.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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1½ HOURS S.W. FROM TOWN.—Beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order; charming grounds, stabling, garage, extensive buildings, and 130 acres of rich land. Bargain, £2,650.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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'MIDST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.
500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

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ESSEX (in a pretty spot, 2 miles from Colchester).—FOR SALE, an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE: 5 good reception, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms; ELECTRIC LIGHT, modern sanitation; stabling for 3, gardener's cottage, motor-house; beautiful grounds and paddock of 6 ACRES. £4,500 or OFFER.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A GENUINE OLD THIRTEENTH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE.
FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.
NO FINER VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

ON THE SURREY BORDER (400ft. above sea level).—Quaint hall, 4 handsome reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; Sussex stone roof, open fireplaces, winding carriage drive

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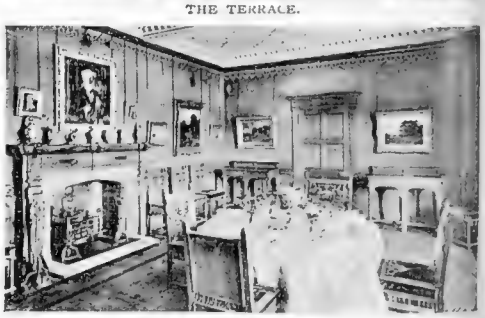

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This famously beautiful Residence is situated in one of the most picturesque districts of Surrey, within easy reach of Ascot, Guildford, and Dorking, etc., and several famous golf links, only 20 MILES FROM LONDON by a good motor road, and 34 minutes by fast trains.

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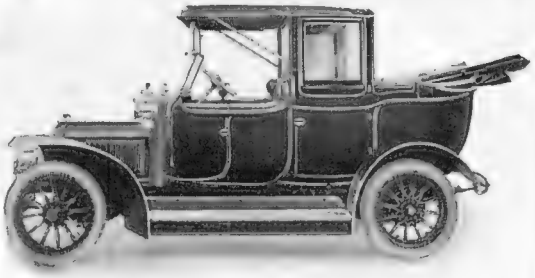
MESSRS. COLLINS AND COLLINS have received instructions to OFFER this choice Residential Estate for SALE by PUBLIC AUCTION.—Full particulars, photographs, and plan may be obtained of the Solicitors, Messrs. WILLIAMSON, HILL and Co., 13, Sherborne Lane, King William Street, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 37, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

The Smartest of Equipages for Town or Touring Service.



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(in 12, 15, 20, 30, 40 h.p).

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Interesting Illustrated Brochure Post Free.

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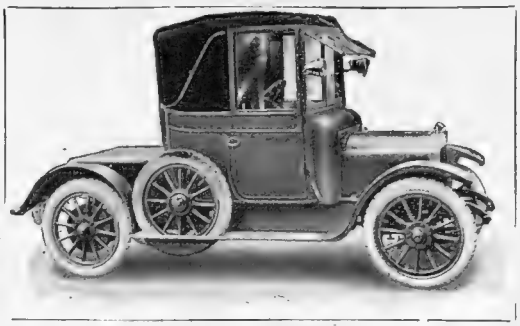

Dignity — Silence— Comfort — Economy

No other car but the "Rover" has these qualities in such a degree, and in our latest production—

The Silent Knight

ROVER 12 h.p. COUPÉ

they are blended together to make an ideal carriage for Doctor's or Town use.

Upkeep costs are low, all controls are from *inside* the perfectly ventilated body, whilst the simplicity and reliability do away with the need for a chauffeur.

Price **£350** complete.

Trials Arranged. ***Catalogues Free.***

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"Famed for Economy and Everlasting Wear."

THE ROVER THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED COVENTRY

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The Latest Conundrum.

WHY are Visitors to LEAMINGTON like the Queen of Sheba?

BECAUSE they all say:

"The half was not told me."

They are charmed with the sylvan beauty of this lovely

"GARDEN TOWN OF THE MIDLANDS"

The ideal headquarters for visitors to Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, and Shakespeare's Birthplace.

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by reason of its distinctive delicacy, fragrance, and flavour, will be your constant companion after the first pipeful.

BLENDED FROM MANY KIND OF CHOICE TOBACCO.

In three strengths—Mild, Medium, and Full.

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PURE DRINKING WATER

is a necessity in every house.

A "BERKEFELD" FILTER

at a small cost will give you pure and germ-free water. Think of your children's health.

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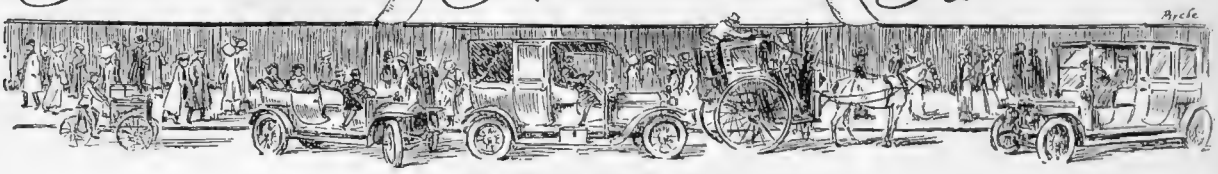

By MRS. JACK MAY

A Sale of Importance at the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street

IT is only in the consistency of things that precedence be granted here to corsets, although there are other items swept into the sale *galère* that are in their way equally arresting. The sole purveyors of "La Samothrace" Corset, the present bargain moment includes the latest models from Paris of special design, samples and odd pairs fashioned of the daintiest fabrics, together with the more ordinary everyday *batiste* and *coutille*. And one and all are now procurable at appreciable reductions.

A standard quality of long-tested character is a white *coutille* model reduced to *22s. 6d.*, those capital elastic corsets for special occasions descending to the same price, while ribbon corsets, daintily and variously expressed, so much in use for tea-gowns, etc., fall to only *18s. 11d.* The Company claim to fit and improve every figure submitted to their care.

They are unquestionably among the first of the accepted experts, and have the whole cult at their finger-ends, the culminating point being reached in some beautiful *crêpe de Chine* models, cut very long below the waist, and very, very sparsely boned. While achieving the perfection of elegance these *crêpe de Chine* models are the very acme of comfort.

Lingerie Gowns

Lingerie gowns comprise a further item of interest here, the surplus stock undergoing drastic reductions. A case in point is the elegant Casino toilette illustrated, this revealing the latest vogue in an alliance of black chiffon, *filet* net, and a beautiful *filet* lace, the latter broken by *motifs* of *point de Venise*. Although illustrated with one of the approved clear net chemisettes, the corsage is perfectly finished to wear *décolleté* if desired, the square top resting on an effective band of black ribbon velvet.

An Elegant Casino Toilette
(Sketched at the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, by Dorothy Millar)

Of most original and charming character, too, is a white lawn, very heavily and boldly embroidered in white flax thread, the upper part inset with *bébé* crochet lace, while the whole is mounted over the palest tenderest pink.

Another noted speciality here is the beautiful hand-embroidered, hand-made French *lingerie* blouse, the style of goods women give themselves such airs over when they purchase them in Paris. And the Company make a rule of running these through all sizes from a 42-inch bust. The remainder of the season's stock has been subjected to severe reductions, and the moment thus rendered a propitious one for replenishing the wardrobe in this regard, with every assurance of enjoying complete satisfaction.

Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street

The summer stock-taking sale is now in progress here. Every single department is influenced, but a special emphasis is laid on an accumulation of remnant carpets.

Furnishing fabrics such as cretonnes chintzes, and taffetas

"The only Cocoa I can digest"

This is the verdict passed upon Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk by those who are unable to take cocoa in the ordinary form. Its ingredients are pure country milk and carefully selected cocoa. These are treated by a special process which results in a light, palatable form of cocoa, highly nourishing and of delicious flavour, which can be digested with ease even by the most delicate.

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is especially suitable for invalids and all who suffer from digestive weakness, and it is an excellent thing to take the last thing at night, as it induces quiet, refreshing sleep.

Those who use their brains more than their bodies find it most sustaining and nourishing, as it repairs waste of tissue and is an excellent mental stimulant. It requires only hot water. Tins 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.

Silk dresses and the Achille Serre way

No dress is so easily soiled and creased as a Silk Dress, and often its owner is in despair at its appearance after the very first time it has been worn. No matter how soiled, how creased, how shabby-looking a silk dress may be, the Achille Serre process of scientific dry-cleaning will renovate it—without the slightest risk of damage or impoverishment—so perfectly that it will look just like new. The time taken is only four days, the cost is very moderate, and we save you all trouble, as we collect and deliver free throughout London and in the principal towns in the Provinces. Write to-day for address of nearest branch or agency and catalogue. You will find it useful.

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The following List shows the extent of the Reductions.

"Heirloom" (Reg.) Hand-Woven **Table Damasks**	15 to 50 per cent.
Sheets & Linens	10 to 50 ,,
Fancy Linens ...	10 to 25 ,,
Lace Curtains ...	15 to 50 ,,
Handkerchiefs ...	10 to 30 ,,
Real Lace	10 to 35 ,,
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And a further discount of 5% for cash payment.

Special Stock of exquisite Irish Hand-made Lace in various shapes at particularly attractive prices.

Illustrated Sale List Post Free.

Wilsons' JOHN WILSONS' SUCCESSORS LTD

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IT ACCOMPANIES EVERY "OMNE TEMPUS."

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Ready for wear or to measure From **45/-**

Write for patterns, "O.T." booklet, and a coat on approval.
:: Solely obtainable from ::

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List of names on request.

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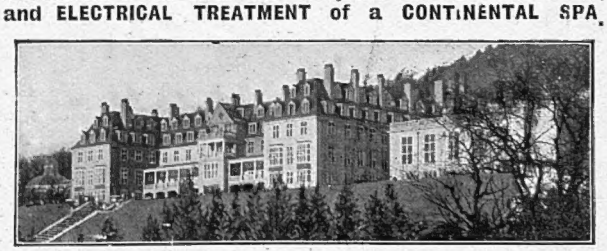
Ackerman-Laurance

"Dry-Royal"

The best value in Sparkling Wine. 54/- *per dozen.*

PEEBLES HOTEL HYDRO

A Palatial Hotel with the Complete BATHS Installation, and ELECTRICAL TREATMENT of a CONTINENTAL SPA.



Magnificent Situation in the charming "Walter Scott" country, 600ft. above sea level. Lovely Scenery. Pure Bracing Air. Accommodation for 300 guests. High-class Cuisine. Every Home Comfort. Spacious Ballroom. Orchestra. Delightful Grounds. ***Tennis, Croquet,*** and ***Bowling*** Greens. ***Golf,*** excellent 18-hole Course near. MOTORS. Extensive Garage. A complete Suite of ***Baths*** of the very latest type, NAUHEIM, AIX and VICHY douches, TURKISH and RUSSIAN. ELECTRIC LIGHT BATHS. HIGH FREQUENCY treatment. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN. Terms during July, August, and September from ***£3 10s.*** per week. Illustrated Tariff on application.

A. M. THIEM (of the WINDSOR HOTEL, GLASGOW), *Managing Director.*

Telegraphic Address: "HYDRO, PEEBLES."

are approximately marked down half price to ensure a clearance of the season's designs.

A quantity of second-hand furniture is to be disposed of at altogether unusual prices, as the room occupied is required for other purposes.

John Wilsons' Successors, 188, Regent Street

An always eagerly awaited sale is this one at John Wilsons', where the house-proud woman, who administers her allowance wisely, invariably replenishes her stock of damask, linen, curtains, etc. Somewhat contrary to expectations, the Coronation season has left the firm with a rather larger surplus than warrants the business carrying over, consequently prices have been so drastically cut that many customers will feel justified in purchasing more than they actually need at the moment as an investment. This especially applies to the famous "Heirloom" table damask, on which reductions range from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent.

Precedence is given this particular damask in the first ten pages of the sale catalogue, a carefully compiled, illustrated affair, in which the usual list, as well as the reduced prices, will be found, together with various helpful little notes anent the various qualities. Of particular interest to a few will be some extraordinary bargains in extra long table-cloths, just half their original price.

Among the sheetings and household linens are a quantity of the very finest and best hand-woven linen sheetings procurable, very considerably reduced, in some instances, because of slight weavers' damages, these, indeed, dropping 50 per cent. in value, although the defects are really not discernible.

The sale also provides a unique opportunity for acquiring the very highest class fancy linen, such as afternoon teacloths, toilet sets, d'oyleys, etc., at prices usually associated with quite ordinary productions. Lace curtains are another section of absorbing interest. Many of these are offered at half price, others standing at discounts ranging from 10 per cent. to 30 per cent., special reductions occurring on single or two last pairs of a pattern.

Nor should the *lingerie* be passed over, all the surplus stock, and it is not a great deal, being marked down, a small lot of French models, a little soiled, having 5*s.* in the pound taken off their original value. This clearance continues throughout July.

First Sale in Fifty Years

"The first summer sale in fifty years" is an announcement suggestive of great bargain possibilities to the general public. Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Ltd., 65-67, Ludgate Hill, have sent us their sale list dealing with boys', ladies', and gentlemen's clothing, covering in all nine departments, and showing tremendous reductions that will hold good until July 22. No special purchases or "sale" lines are included, the items consisting entirely of their own stock at prices which will undoubtedly result in a speedy clearance, to make room for their autumn stock. To mention some of the special items, there are: In the boys' department, washing tunic and Jack Tar suits for the seaside, some of which are reduced from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.* per suit; double-breasted jackets and knickers for small boys in striped or plain grey flannels at 9*s.* 6*d.*; grey flannel lounge jackets from 8*s.* 6*d.*; white flannel trousers, 5*s.*; "all-wool" navy serge knickers, from 2*s.* 9*d.*; tweed knicker suits, in some cases reduced from 30*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* In the gentlemen's department we have 200 "ready-to-wear" suits in holiday flannels, cashmeres, and tweeds, all reduced far below cost prices—marked from 21*s.* 6*d.* to 45*s.*; "'Varsity" sporting jackets, golfing shape, at 23*s.* 6*d.*; flannel trousers at 9*s.* 6*d.*; light overcoats and shower-proofs, from 19*s.* 9*d.* to 28*s.* 6*d.* Trunks, kit-bags, and suit-cases are marked down to most tempting figures, and the bargains in gentlemen's and boys' shirts, pyjamas, underclothing, and seaside and country footwear are too numerous to mention in detail.

THE MENU: Paper-Bag Cookery

I wonder if many of my readers have tried M. Soyer's paper-bag cookery? It is a very simple system. The food must be prepared in the usual way and then placed in a paper bag, which must be well greased, folded once at the end, and fastened with a clip to prevent the top opening. The bags are sold in different sizes, and can be obtained from the publisher, *Daily Chronicle*, 31, Whitefriars Street, E.C. Full directions for their use are enclosed. I am inserting a few of M. Soyer's recipes for paper-bag cookery which I had the pleasure of seeing him cook at one of his recent demonstrations. The bag must be placed on a grid in the oven.

Salmon Cutlets

Salmon can be cooked with any kind of seasoning to taste. A whole slice will take twenty minutes in a hot oven. Mushroom, tomato, salt and pepper, lemon-juice can be added as desired, and cooked in the paper bag with the fish.

Roast Quail

Truss and lard the quail in the usual way. Place in bag, seal up, and put on grid. Allow eight minutes in a very hot oven. It must be cooked quickly. If no lard or fat is used, a little butter will do equally well.

Cutlets for the Nursery

Soak 4oz. of pearl barley for twenty-four hours. Have ready a well-greased bag, six small spring onions, and the number of cutlets required. Free the cutlets from all but the smallest quantity of fat, dust them with salt, and place them in the bag. Add to them the onions and the barley, and if any of the water in which the latter was soaked remains add this also. If not, add half a pint of any good stock. Fold and clip the bag. Place on grid and cook gently in a moderately hot oven for an hour and a half. Empty out on to a dish and serve. Veal can also be cooked in this way, and for invalids the dish can be most highly recommended, as it contains nothing to upset even the most delicate digestion.

Fillet de Bœuf

Take a slice one and a half inches thick and well trimmed. Cut it in two or three pieces horizontally. Trim a little by paring off the corners to make each piece round. Season with salt and pepper. Butter the paper bag well, also the fillet of beef. Add garnishing—as, for example, from 4oz. to 8oz. of either mushrooms, tomatoes, olives, a little anchovy, cooked and sieved spinach, or any other kind fancy or taste may suggest. Place round the fillet. Add one or two tablespoonfuls of any kind of sauce. Put on grid. Allow ten to fifteen minutes in very hot oven. A large fillet of beef or steak, plain or garnished, can be cooked in a buttered or greased paper bag, but will require fifteen to twenty minutes in a very hot oven, according to size. It will turn out well grilled, with all the beautiful gravy retained.

Red or Grey Mullet

Take the fish with a half tomato cut up, one mushroom, salt, pepper, a little lemon-juice or vinegar, one teaspoonful of flour (this can be omitted if desired), a little chopped parsley, and a little butter. Place in the paper bag, seal up, and allow twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

EMILIA.

No More Facial Eczema

FEW diseases cause so much misery, suffering, and disfigurement as eczema, and the most annoying form is facial eczema. It renders the sufferer unsightly, the irritation is maddening, being worse at night even than during the day, and, unfortunately, so-called remedies fail to touch this trouble, and doctors are baffled by it. Time after time sufferers write to say that they have tried ointments, received medical treatment, consulted specialists, and that everything has proved useless, the irritation being as bad as ever, and a cure as distant as when they first began. To all such sufferers the only safe advice is "Use Antexema." The minute it is applied relief will be gained, irritation will stop, rest will become possible, and the first step towards a complete and lasting cure will have been taken. This is the experience of tens of thousands who at one time despaired of a cure, but who are now in the enjoyment of perfect skin health, every sign of skin illness having completely and finally disappeared as a result of using Antexema.

Miss B. N., of Upper Tooting, writes: "Before I had used half a bottle of Antexema all the spots and pimples on my face that had troubled me so much had disappeared."

The Only Certain Cure

Please note that the *only* remedy that can thus be depended upon to effect a genuine cure is Antexema, and the reason for its extraordinary success is that it is purely scientific. Antexema was discovered by a well-known doctor as the result of his investigations as to the cause and treatment of skin ailments. The marvellous results that have followed the use of Antexema are almost incredible. Former sufferers are continually writing to say they have been cured after suffering for many years, and we quote one such letter from the thousands received. Mrs. N. K., of Glasgow (address on application), writes:—"I must thank you for Antexema, which has entirely cured eczema on my little girl's face which she had had for five years. I tried nearly every so-called cure without effect, but I am glad to say that now there is not a spot left since I used Antexema."

Antexema is not an ointment, and it does not clog the pores like an ointment, neither does it disfigure the user if applied to the face, neck, or hands. It is a creamy liquid, possessing great antiseptic and germ-destroying power, and it exerts extraordinary curative influence. As soon as it is applied to the affected part it dries over it and forms an artificial and invisible skin, which renders it impossible for dirt, dust, grit, or germs to enter. It at once begins to cure you. All burning, smarting, and irritation stops, and gradually the old diseased, worn-out skin is replaced by new, healthy, and spotless skin, free from every sign of illness.

Skin Troubles Cured by Antexema

The following are some of the troubles cured by Antexema: Acne, bad legs, baby rashes, barber's rash, blackheads, blotches, breakings-outs, chafed skin, eczema of every kind, eruptions, face spots, herpes, inflamed patches, nettlerash, pimples, prickly heat, rashes, scalp troubles, shaving rash, shingles, skin irritation, sores, and tender skin. Information in regard to these and many other skin troubles will be found in the handbook, "Skin Troubles," enclosed with every bottle of Antexema, together with valuable advice as to diet and other important points.

F. D., of Rochdale, writes: "I suffered from eczema on the face for two months, but Antexema freed me from that dreadful complaint."

Thus far the question of curing skin illness has been discussed, but the prevention of such troubles is even more important, because "Prevention is better than cure." Prevent skin illness getting you in its grip by using Antexema the moment your skin becomes red, rough, inflamed, or irritated.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis and Burrows' supply it at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or post free in plain wrapper 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* from the Antexema Company. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe. If you wish to try this genuine British skin remedy beforehand

Accept this Free Trial Offer

To all who mention The Bystander, and enclose three penny stamps for interesting booklet, "Skin Troubles," a Free Trial of Antexema, Antexema Soap, the great aid to skin health, and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood, will also be forwarded.

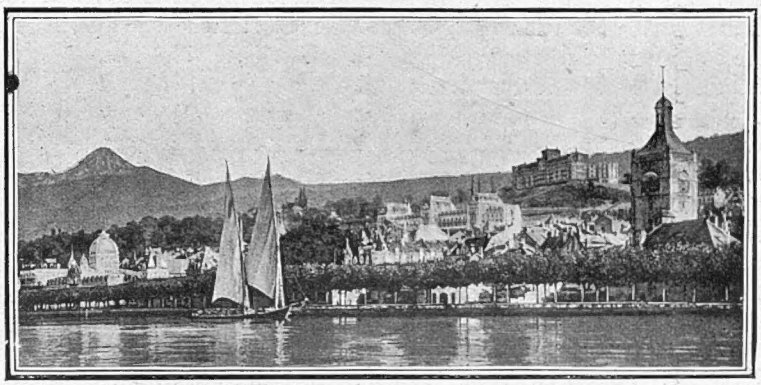
Send at once to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

"Antexema"
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

The Editor's Box

The King's City Visit

Though not so lavishly decorated as some of the more modern streets of London, City Road was, nevertheless, gaily decked in honour of the King's visit on June 29. Private enterprise, as usual, was responsible for much of the pleasing effect. One firm in particular we noticed, not merely for the tasteful way in which their premises were decorated, but also because the name of the firm is known all over the world. We refer to Messrs. S. Mordan and Co., Ltd., makers of the celebrated Mordan's Ever-Pointed Pencils. This firm has been established nearly a century, occupying from the beginning the building known as 41, City Road. During the whole of that time—a period linking the reign of George IV. with that of George V.—we believe no Sovereign has made a State visit to the City Road until our present King honoured it with his presence on June 29. Therefore, it is little wonder that Messrs. S. Mordan and Co., Ltd., a firm that has successfully stood the stress of competition throughout five reigns, should be conspicuous in their endeavours to make City Road bright and gay for the Royal progress.



Evian-les-Bains : The Ideal Continental Health Resort

The Boston Garter

For style, neatness, and comfort (particularly during the summer months) the Boston Garter is perfect in every respect. The grip is made of nickelled brass rustless fittings, and the very best English elastic is used for the garter. The Boston Garter is constructed so that it lies flat to the leg, never slips, will not damage the hose nor become unfastened in wear. Every pair has the H.W. Velvet Grip rubber button attachment, the name of which is stamped on every loop, and without which none is genuine. They are cased in neat little boxes (as per illustration) in cotton (plain, check, or stripe) at 1s. per pair, and in silk (plain elastic) at 2s. per pair (by post 1d. extra).

The Boston Garter
Each pair has the H.W. Velvet Grip rubber button attachment

Evian-les-Bains

Evian is doing pioneer work in adapting modern physiology to modern therapeutics by substituting for the rather old-fashioned and crude purgative methods of the Austrian and the Germanic stations a line of treatment which combines increased scientific efficiency with refinement, gentleness, and delicacy of application. The treatment at Evian goes to the root of matters; instead of irritating and exhausting the intestinal tract it removes poisons from the system by washing out the blood. Its success in this direction has been phenomenal. Whereas ten years ago the name of the place was scarcely known outside French medical circles its advantages as a health-station are to-day among the best accepted convictions of every physician of note in Germany, England, and the United States. The situation of the town on the shore of the beautiful and romantic Lake Leman, the variety and charm of the surrounding country, and the delicious summer climate were initial advantages so great as to compensate for many drawbacks if there had been any, which there are not. Refinement is the special characteristic of this health-resort. The little town is refined, the treatment is refined, the beautiful blue clarity of the water itself suggests refinement; while the bathing establishment, the Buvette and the hotels, more especially the Royal Hotel, managed by the Carlton-Ritz group, are, each in its way, the best examples in any European resort of dignity, harmony, taste, and comfort.

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